

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A NEW STORY OF A GREAT MAN

THE BOY WHO CHEERED ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NEW STORY OF THE GREAT PRESIDENT

A Dark Day in the Bitterest
Years of America

A JOURNALIST READY TO DIE

We can never know enough of Abraham Lincoln. Now we have a story which makes us love him more than ever. It is a tale of a gallant and obstinate lad, a stupid official, and the great President.

It happened at the turning-point of the Civil War, when, after three years' hopes and fears, losses and gains, there seemed to be a chance that General Grant could make the move which would mean victory.

A golden May warmth fell on the steps of the White House, where anxious men passed up and down, but there was no answering warmth within. No one knew what was happening. Grant's army was lost. For three days there had been no news. Grant had said, "In forty-eight hours we shall know." And they did not know.

Waiting for the News

As the sunset fell across the avenue Lincoln came out of the White House and made his way to the telegraph-room in the War Department. He was heavily conscious of his load. Lee's forces were not his only enemies, and he found it difficult to cope with the stupidity and small jealousies of the men about him.

He went to his chair in the telegraph-room, hoping against hope for a dispatch. "Nothing, Mr. President," said one of the young men in the room.

Lincoln sat down and began to wonder for the thousandth time what could have happened to Grant. He had staked his all on Grant. Three days.

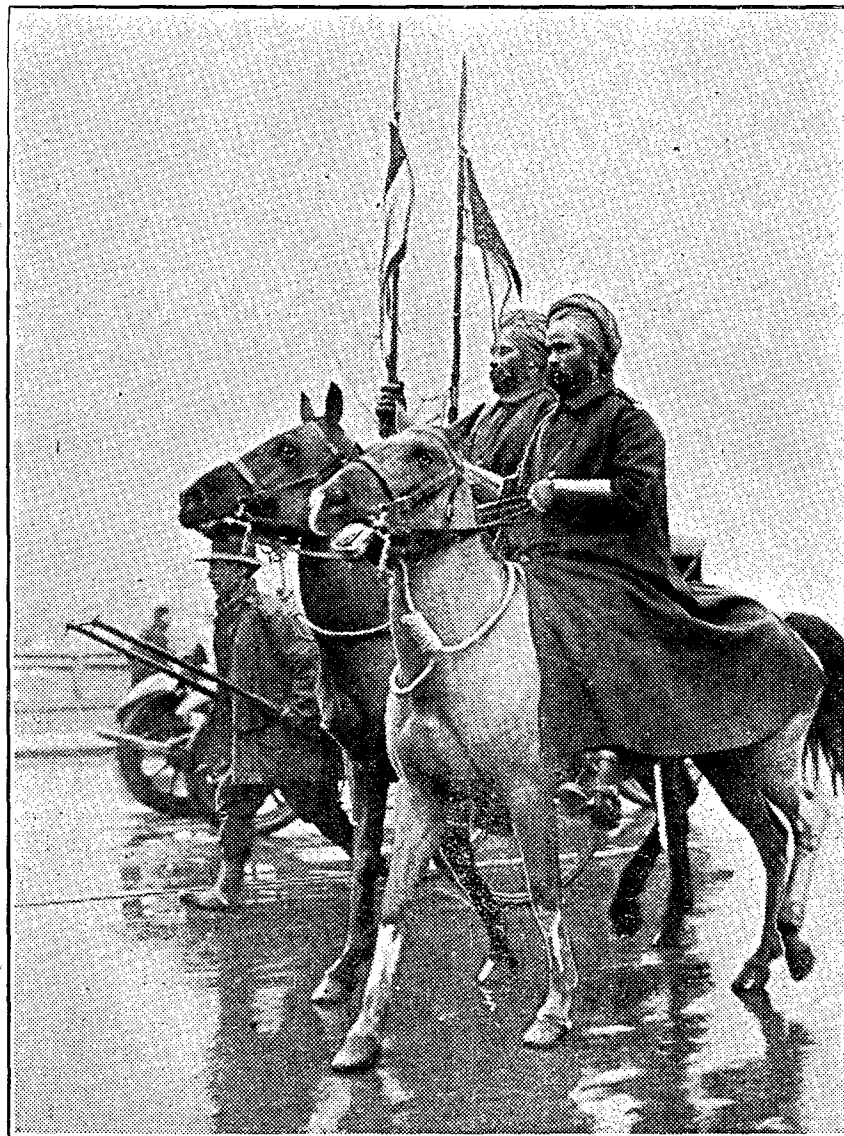
The Newspaper Man

The operator at the desk was speaking. There was really nothing of any importance. But a young newspaper man had come into Union Mills (a small settlement 20 miles from Washington) saying he had left the army early that morning. Secretary Stanton had thought it was a queer case. He did not like the young man's behaviour, and the lad was to be shot in the morning.

A change came over Lincoln's face.

In the meantime the young man in question was lying on a bed in a telegraph station at Union Mills. He was dirty, plastered with mud, and dressed in an evil assortment of clothes. He was to be shot at dawn. Yet all he had wanted was to send a hundred words of dispatch to his paper, the Tribune. He had got through the lines for his paper's sake, had learned something which would make the Government sit up, and he was determined not to divulge a word to anybody till he had sent the news to

Indian Policemen in China



There are many Indian policemen in the International Settlement at Shanghai who are taking their part in protecting the lives and property of Europeans, and here we see two Sikh Mounted Police patrolling the streets in their picturesque costume

the Tribune. He would die first—and he was to die. His jaw stiffened.

There was a telegraph operator in the room. The instrument was ticking. The operator spoke to the young man.

"The President wants to know what is the news."

"Tell him I will tell him if I can first send a hundred words to the Tribune."

"The President says they shall go."

A few minutes later a special little military train set out for Union Mills to bring the war correspondent to the White House. The young man was burning with joy, and the President, smiling, was saying to himself "Wasn't it just like Stanton! And wasn't it just like a boy!"

While the train was coming back the Cabinet got together, and into its company was ushered the muddy, ragged lad. He gave his news of the movements of Grant's army. It was excellent, but it was not quite enough. One after another the War Cabinet got up and went out. The war correspondent had something more to say. He lingered.

"Mr. President," said the youth; "I have a message for you from General

Grant. I was to give it you when you were alone. He told me I was to tell you there would be no turning back."

Lincoln had waited three years for that. He got up and went to the lad, and took him, mud and rags and all, in his arms, and kissed him.

They sat down then and the boy opened his heart, his fear of the President gone. He told him all the doings of the battle, of the quarrels of the officers who, like Stanton, wanted to be clever and were merely stupid; and of General Grant coming in with his final irrevocable word. He did not say what he had gone through in getting to Washington with the news, but there was no need to tell Lincoln.

"Now, my lad," said he, "you can go to bed."

The war correspondent of the Tribune stumbled queerly out to his room in a near-by hotel. He had had but a few hours' sleep in five days; now he lay down on his bed, mud and rags and all, and slept, the happiest man in America. He had got the news through to his paper and the President had kissed him. He was not shot the next morning.

DISTANCE TOO GREAT FOR WORDS PUSHING SPACE BACKWARD

Stars Millions of Millions of
Millions of Miles Away

SEEN FROM MOUNT WILSON

Another enormous step in the distance to which the astronomer's eye can peer in space is announced by those who pass their lives in working with the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson in California.

It is only a few years since other astronomers, viewing the stars and clusters of stars through this instrument, first placed the farthest cluster at the tremendous distance of 200,000 light-years. Afterwards, as the C.N. recorded, it was surmised that the most distant star that could be made visible by the help of the great telescope was a million light-years away.

Seen by No Human Eye

That distance has now been surpassed. There are stars, according to Dr. Hubble, which may be 140 million light-years away, about 840 million million miles. They are found in the most distant spiral nebulae which the 100-inch telescope can record photographically and with perfect accuracy.

No human eye can see them, and perhaps never will, but this great telescope, whose 100-inch diameter might be called the lens or retina of an astronomical eye, photographs their light and makes it evident that they are not mere specks of light but have the form and substance of the spiral nebulae which are more plainly seen in Andromeda and some other parts of the night sky.

As seen in a telescope the great spirals differ widely in shape, size, and brightness. It is now said that these differences in size and brightness are almost entirely due to the effect of distance. The nebulae are all brothers.

A Staggering Comparison

This makes it possible to estimate their distances with fair accuracy. The faintest the 100-inch telescope can photograph is at the distance stated. Within this distance some other two million nebulae must lie. They are spaced at a distance of about 1,800,000 light-years apart, and Dr. Jeans, of the Royal Society, suggests as a way of imagining this almost unimaginable vastness of space the following model.

Take 20 tons of walnuts and space them about 25 yards apart, thus filling a sphere about a mile round. This sphere is the range of the 100-inch telescope. Each walnut is a nebula containing matter enough for the creation of perhaps a thousand million suns as large as ours. Each atom in each walnut represents a solar system with a diameter equal to twice the distance of the Earth from the Sun.

THREE STORIES FOR NEW ANIMAL BOOKS

The Stork Among the Lions

AND THE GOATS AMONG THE EAGLES

From Berlin and Vienna come three strange stories about birds and animals. In each case it is a tale of attack from an unsuspected quarter.

No one has hitherto regarded the stork as a kaiser among birds, but one at least has got a war lord's spirit, for at Elberfeld the other day he attacked 14 circus lions and put them in a rage.

The other story, too, an English journalist in Berlin reported, that a herd of mountain goats was feeding in the Bavarian Alps when a number of eagles swept down on a kid. Before the birds could seize it the goats put down their heads and charged the eagles. Up went the huge birds, only to swoop down again, but every time they pounced the herd of goats renewed their charge, and the eagles fled from those angry horns. At last the winged kidnappers gave it up and sailed away. This is believed to be the only time a man has seen goats charge in a herd.

The last story is from Vienna, and relates how a rat attacked a gendarme in the city and was killed with his sword. The tale becomes credible when it is explained that the rat was a musk rat, 18 inches long. Numbers of them burrow in the banks of the Danube, and they are too cunning to eat the poisons taken by ordinary rats. These big, bad-tempered animals are a real danger, and we are glad they do not haunt the banks of the Thames.

A LITTLE STORM ABOUT ALBANIA

Why Europe Takes it Calmly THE LEAGUE BEHIND EVENTS

There is fresh trouble in the Balkans, giving rise to the usual rumours of war-like preparations. But Europe is taking it very calmly. Need we ask why? It is because we have the League of Nations.

The old war alarms were due to the jealousy of Russia and Austria about each other's influence over this or that Balkan State. It was such jealousy about Serbia that led to the Great War. The trouble between Italy and Yugo-Slavia (the new Greater Serbia) is over each other's influence in the little Republic of Albania. Each thinks the other wants to take it under its own wing.

Yugo-Slavia declares that Italy's new treaty with Albania (made at Tirana last year) amounts to a protectorate, and Italy says Yugo-Slavia is preparing a rising in Albania to throw out a Government friendly to Italy and put in a Government friendly to itself. Each has appealed to the Powers against the other. They ought to have appealed to the League, but that does not matter much because everyone knows that the League is there behind the Powers; and it is just because the League is there that Europe is calm about it all.

France and Britain have been busy smoothing the trouble out, and at every stage they have been acting with the knowledge and approval of Germany, whose Foreign Minister is the present Chairman of the League Council, ready at any moment to bring the League machinery to their support. In the old days the papers would have grown excited and the diplomats have lost their tempers. Today all will probably pass over. So the world moves onward.

THE BLUEBELL'S CAP OF LIBERTY

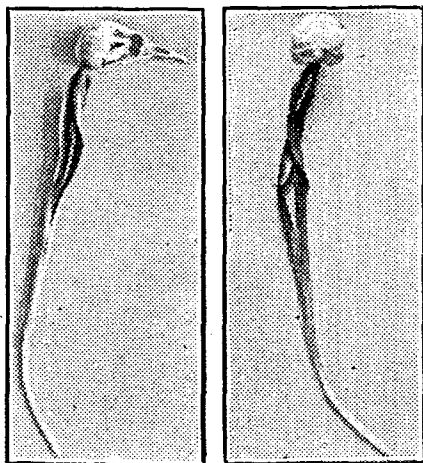
An Odd Thing Seen in the Wood

A Bristol reader of the C.N. who was walking in the woods where spring is pushing through the soil with green fingers, and decking the trees with the first flush of their green plumage, saw beneath his feet one of the oddest examples that can be imagined of the reviving life of Nature.

The green shaft of a bluebell had pushed up toward the light a tiny skull of a bird, which had become transfixed on the tip of the slender leaf.

It was one of Nature's fitful moments. A sixteenth of an inch's difference in the struggle of the leaf toward the sunshine and it would have passed the skull by. As it happened, the tender shoot had just caught it, and had borne it in triumph upward, wearing it like the Cap of Liberty on its head.

How came the skull to be there? Some tuneful bird, its last song sung, had fallen among the autumn leaves of



This little skull of a bird was brought out of the earth by a bluebell leaf and worn as a cap as here seen

the wood. Springs, summers, autumns, winters, had passed over it, each burying it a little deeper till the wood had lost it. Yet the bird had nourished the wood and its flowers with its body, and at last one bluebell repaid the debt.

When the panorama of spring is fully spread, and the trees are all decked with their April plumage, the birds will carol above them again. Some will perhaps be the grandchildren of the bird whose body was laid there, but whose pathetic little head has come back to remind us that even in death we are in the presence of life.

What was it the Persian poet said?

*That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely head.*

The pretty head of the bird gave life to the flower. The bluebell has brought it back into the sun again, to share in spring's miracle of resurrection.

It is as if the bluebell, creeping up out of the dark into the light, called for the memory of the little bird, and said "Come back into the world with me; it is going to be a lovely spring."

THE ONE-WAY STREET Bad for the Shop

At each extension of the One-Way Traffic System in London there is an outcry from business men in the streets affected, especially from shopkeepers, that their trade is being injured.

There can be little doubt that the complaint is well founded. It is necessarily a disadvantage in business competition to have possible customers unable to approach your shop directly by bus or car, and rivals more fortunately situated are bound to reap the benefit. On the other hand, traffic congestion, which the One-Way System certainly diminishes, is a disadvantage to everybody, and cannot be just left alone.

A PIGEON IN DISTRESS

And a Hero in Waiting TALES OF TWO BIRDS

Someone walking on the Embankment the other day saw a crowd and drew near to see what the crowd was staring at.

It was a pigeon, which was struggling in the water, and was evidently nearly exhausted.

All at once a young man threw off his coat and dived in, rescued the bird, picked up his coat, and disappeared in a taxi that happened to be passing.

Let us hope he was not scolded for his dripping clothes like the little boy who rescued a drowning child and was afterwards beaten for getting wet and telling a lie! We are glad to remember that a policeman came along with a reward some days later, and the small hero's reputation was established.

One seldom hears of a drowning bird, and it is difficult to imagine how the pigeon got into the Thames. Mr. W. H. Hudson once saw a strange accident befall a bird near Beaulieu. Swallows were skimming to and fro hunting flies close to the surface of the river when one of the birds disappeared with a splash. For a moment there was an agitation in the water, and then the swallow reappeared and flew swiftly away. The naturalist thought the swallow had been seized by a big pike and dragged below the surface, but had managed to break free.

BANKNOTES ON THE OCEAN BED

Little Bit Saved from the War

When a ship blows up and goes down with a hundred banknotes on board, the notes may reasonably be assumed to be gone for good.

That was the assumption of the Admiralty and the Bank of England when H.M.S. Bulwark went down off Sheerness with the loss of 800 lives in the first autumn of the war. The Bank made up the money to the Government on the understanding that if the notes ever turned up again the money would be returned.

Last year the wreck was sold to ship-breakers for just the amount of the lost notes. And, lo and behold, the notes were recovered! The Government had sold the ship with all its contents and was not entitled to the notes, but it was bound by its undertaking to the Bank. The salvors behaved very handsomely to the nation. The Government paid £500 to the Bank, and the salvage company handed nearly half to the Government.

GOOD TURNS

How the Scouts Crossed the Bridge

Some remarkable work by Indian Boy Scouts is recorded in connection with terrible floods in the Central Provinces.

The troop at Gwari-Ghat had some motor-lorries at the edge of the flood waters, and waded in to bring the belongings of the victims to the lorries. There was one group of people whose only way to safety was across a railway bridge, already knee-deep in water, and in danger of being carried away at any moment. There was no protection to hold on to, yet the boys crossed and recrossed the bridge all day long, carrying with them, not only the belongings of these people, but many of the people themselves, who were too weak or too terrified to cross alone.

Then, as the floods subsided, the boys set to work to clear away the mud which had accumulated in and around the houses, finding and saving lost valuables and making the houses fit to live in once more.

THE ROAD

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

Trying to Save a Thousand Lives a Year in London Streets

SOME IDEAS

Our rulers have come to the clear decision that the dangers of the streets must be reduced, but they are still a long way from deciding how to reduce them. Meantime a thousand people are being killed every year in London alone.

The Ministry of Transport has issued a draft of a Bill asking for the opinion of the public on some of the most important questions—whether there should be an absolute speed limit, and if so, what it should be; whether, if there is a speed limit, people should be excused for exceeding it when they can show that their speed was not excessive in the circumstances; whether, if there is no speed limit, there should be rules providing comparatively light penalties for careless driving and heavy penalties for dangerous driving.

More Subways Proposed

Besides this draft Bill there has been published a report by an Advisory Committee for the London area with a number of not very startling recommendations. The report contains good advice about learning to be careful in crossing roads, and proposes more subways in busy centres, more special crossing places, and painted warnings to look right or look left.

Finally, there has been a conference of local authorities for the London area. The conference considered a number of suggestions from coroners. It refused to support the prohibition of cars from overtaking each other at crossing places, which the coroners say is a fruitful source of accidents; but it passed a resolution against motorists forcing their way through tramway queues, and another calling for the closer observance of the White Line.

A Dangerous Privilege

The speakers at the conference declared that Britons would never consent to give up the right to cross the street where they liked, however dangerous it may be. There have been suggestions for railing off the pavement from the street in busy places to prevent people from stepping suddenly off in front of oncoming traffic, and for forbidding people to cross anywhere but at recognised crossing places.

Now the Ministry of Transport is left considering the various resolutions and speeches, and we shall hear the result in due course. Meanwhile, none of us need wait for the Ministry's decision before resolving that we will ourselves be cautious and sensible in trying to pass safely through the terrors of the road.

THINGS SAID

Poets are born, not paid. Lord Dewar
I made signs before I could talk.

A Peckham sign-designer

Fantasy run riot does not make the artist. Dr. S. Herbert

I wish I could tell you where you can play. A London Magistrate, fining some boys
May Bad Luck follow you all your life and never catch you up.

An American to the C.N.

The reason I enjoy life at 76 is that I have always been active and temperate.

Lord Aberconway

I think the time is not far distant when the judgment of America will range itself with the League.

Bishop of Durham

Today we produce no more food than a century ago, though the population is 30 millions more. Lord Morris

AN EXAMPLE FROM OLD AESOP

RICH MAN AND HIS SONS The Great Treasure Hidden for the Finding

FABLE OF A VINEYARD

In an interesting will not long ago a father urged his sons to make "work and knowledge their principal hobbies" and to take pride in possessions which came to them as the fruit of their own steady labours.

The anxiety of men of substance that their bequests may not encourage sloth in those whom they benefit is present in every generation. We trace it back to days when riches consisted not of gold and silver and great houses, but of flocks and herds that needed constant labour and attention and of land whose richness depended on the amount and nature of the cultivation it received.

The Search Rewarded

Old Aesop gives us many examples of the anxiety of fathers that their sons should not only labour but labour in unity together. Two of his fables are among the most-quoted stories in literature. First there is the dying man with land to bestow.

"My sons," he said, calling them to his bedside, "there is a great treasure hid in one of my vineyards." The sons, after his death, took spades and mattocks and carefully dug over every inch of the ground. They found no treasure of gold or silver, but the labour they had thus put into the ground resulted in so extraordinary and abundant a crop of grapes that they were richly rewarded. That was the real treasure, and their own efforts called it into existence.

Then there is Aesop's story of the man who had to bequeath an estate to a family of sons constantly quarrelling among themselves in spite of all his expostulations. He therefore decided on a practical lesson and bade them bring him a bundle of sticks.

The Bundle of Sticks

The wise old man placed the faggot in the hands of each in turn, bidding them break it in pieces. Of course none was able to do so.

Next the sage unfastened the faggot, took the sticks separately, and put them one by one into the hands of his sons, who broke them with ease.

"Now, my sons," said their father, "if you are of one mind and unite to assist each other you will be as this faggot, uninjured by all the attempts of your enemies; but if you are divided you will be broken as easily as these separate sticks."

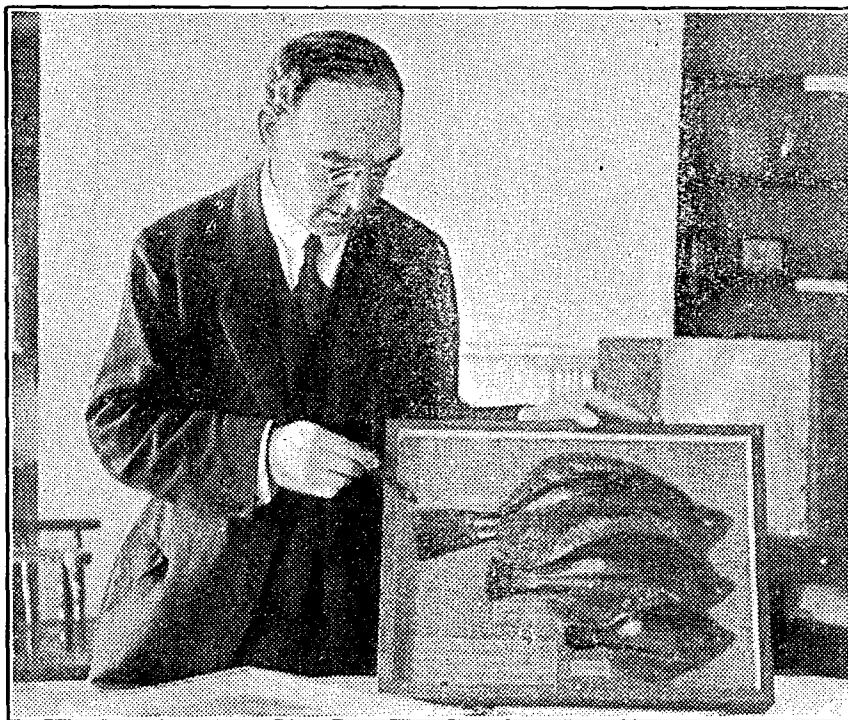
The father whose will was read the other day urging his sons to love work quoted Bacon and his love of knowledge as an inspiration to his heirs. If the sons study the great scholar they will have the pleasant surprise of finding Aesop there, for Bacon was glad to quote the fable of the vineyard. We might all profitably study the lesson of the two fables, for their message, the need for work and for unity, was never more needed than now.

In the Auction Rooms

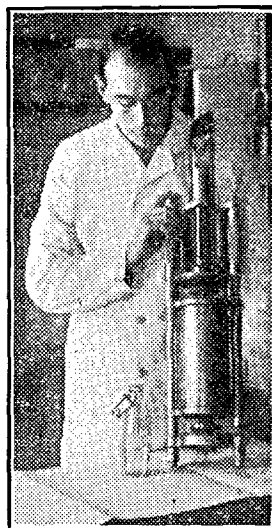
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Eight Queen Anne dining chairs	£3400
Gold snuffbox in Louis XV style	£2600
A prize shorthorn bull	£2100
A portrait by George Stubbs	£1092
Vicar of Wakefield, 1st edition	£420
A manuscript book of about 1430	£375
Fielding's Joseph Andrews, 1st ed.	£138
Set of Stuart bed-hangings	£121
Hardy's Wessex Poems, 1st ed.	£100
Pair of old Bristol china bowls	£80
An engraved wineglass of 1690	£40

MAINTAINING THE FISH SUPPLY



Three plaice, showing how fish grow by transplanting



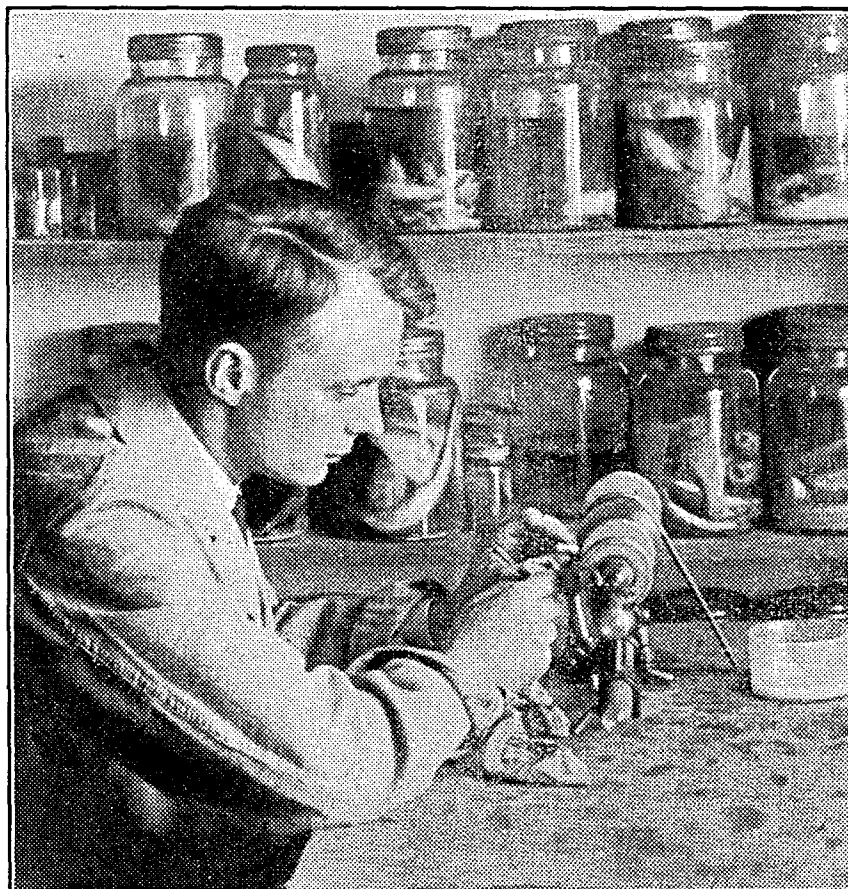
A deep-sea bottle for collecting samples and measuring temperatures



A corner of the big library in the Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft



An aquarium in which marine plankton, or fish food, is cultivated



Grinding otoliths, small stones which are found in the skulls of fish and which tell their age. This is the season round about Good Friday when more fish is eaten than at any other time of the year, and these pictures show how men of science are busily at work in the laboratory for the Ministry of Fisheries to find ways of maintaining and increasing the fish supply. Transplanting the fish to good feeding-grounds is one common method

YELLOWSTONE KELLY

A WHITE MAN AMONG THE RED MEN

How He Introduced Himself to General Miles

A STORY OF THE WILD WEST

A very interesting old man who has seen much history has written the story of his life. America knows him as Yellowstone Kelly.

One morning when General Nelson Miles of the United States Army was campaigning in Montana an orderly brought him an enormous bear's paw. "This is Yellowstone Kelly's card, sir," said the soldier. "He is out in the woods."

"Ask him to come into camp," replied the general. "I want his help."

Soon afterwards a handsome young man with sunburned skin and flashing eyes rode up to the general's tent. He wore a foxskin cap and a coat of hide. The man's career had been as strange as his appearance was picturesque.

A Young Volunteer

Luther Kelly was well born and educated. As a boy he read Shakespeare, Scott, and Poe, and when he was not absorbed in books he was wandering in the woods that surrounded his home in New York State. When the American Civil War broke out the boy felt it his duty to enlist, though he was not yet 16, and he served for three years, but when he was free to return home houses seemed like prisons to him. He wanted to live always in the open air, and he wrote to his relatives to say that he was not coming back.

In those days the Western Frontier was overrun by Red Indians, who were always fighting. The region was full of game and was grandly beautiful. Beckoned by such wild loveliness, the lad set off to explore it, though all the people he met warned him that he would be killed.

The Pipe of Peace

On one occasion Kelly came suddenly upon an Indian village. No one was about, but scouts might have been hidden in the woods. Kelly walked boldly into the largest hut, which was filled with Indian men and women, and one man rose and made a sign of greeting. Then, without speaking, he drew several puffs from a long pipe and handed it to Kelly, who puffed it and passed it on. After that the Indians brought him food, and when he had eaten it they made him a bed.

So Kelly found that the Indian was not so savage as he was painted, and many times afterwards he was the guest of these wild tribesmen in their tents or mud huts, and he got to know much about their dialects and customs.

In time Kelly became famous for his knowledge of the frontier land, his gentle kindness, and his great courage. Men called him Yellowstone Kelly because that is the name of the great region where he wandered. Travellers were glad to fall in with him.

A Trusted Fighter

Continual attacks upon lonely settlers made it necessary for the Government to send General Miles to Yellowstone, and it was then that Kelly introduced himself by a bear's paw. He became the general's guide, interpreter, and leading scout, distinguishing himself by many acts of valour in the campaign against defiant chieftains.

Yellowstone Kelly is now an old man, and has at last consented to live in a house. As for the Wild West, it is now a peaceful land of farms and mining villages, but a tract has been set apart as a great national park, so part of Yellowstone's rugged beauty remains untamed. That must gladden the heart of the man called Yellowstone Kelly.

BRITAIN'S LOST PLACE NO MORE THE WORLD'S FINANCIER

America Taking the Lead in Lending the Nations Money DRIVING U.S.A. INTO THE WORLD DRAMA

Among the great changes wrought by the war the displacement of Britain as the chief world financier is not the least remarkable.

Year after year before the war British financiers lent capital freely to all parts of the world. Foreign countries and British possessions were both made fruitful with the aid of British wealth.

To some extent this remains true today. In 1926 about 110 million pounds of British capital was placed at the disposal of various overseas Governments and private undertakings.

America's Lending

In the old days the United States was among those to whom Britain freely lent capital. Indeed, some of our old investments in America have never been repaid through the defaulting of the States which borrowed the money.

Now the position has become very different. In 1926 America lent abroad the enormous sum of about 400 million pounds, and of this gigantic sum nearly half was lent to Europe. Canada also borrowed freely from the United States, and so did South American countries.

America is thus assuming a dominating position in world finance, and it is likely that the near future will see her lending even more freely to foreign Governments, foreign municipalities, and foreign business undertakings. Let us think what this means.

Goods as Interest

As a result of this great lending abroad large annual payments will become due to the United States. That will mean that, in addition to enjoying the wealth of an enormous and fruitful territory, America will be able to draw upon the world for additional products, in exchange for which she will not need to make material exports. Thus her citizens will become more wealthy still.

Probably this will lead to America making it less difficult to receive goods from abroad. The high taxes levied by America on imported goods become clearly a hindrance to the receipt of the payments which will be increasingly due to America as she goes on lending.

As things are the position is a very strange one. America has less need of foreign goods than any other country. By lending capital abroad, however, she compels herself to receive foreign goods because that is the only way by which interest can be received by one nation from another.

A Policy That Must Change

In another way the American lending affects America. The traditional policy of the United States in foreign affairs has been one of taking as little interest in them as possible. Secure in her own rich territory and far removed from the historical troubles of the European races America has become detached from world movements. She will find this position less easy to maintain when she lends money all round. By becoming an international moneylender America will be compelled to take an interest in foreign affairs. Her capitalists and financiers, becoming interested in foreign States, will not let the American Government forget that interest.

So America will be driven to take an active part in the great world drama, and wise Americans are beginning to see that the goodwill of the world is of growing importance to the great Republic.

900 YEARS OF THE CONQUEROR

William the Great Norman

At Caen, the famous historical centre of Normandy, arrangements are being made to celebrate in the summer the gooth birthday of a Norman adventurer whose life holds some interest for ourselves, seeing that he lived to become William the Conqueror, the first real King of England.

William was born at Falaise, and that pretty little Norman town is also busy with preparations for next June; while at Dives-sur-Mer a sea pageant will be held, with ships sailing for England. But they will not go far out to sea, for they are to turn toward Havre, and so up the Seine to Rouen, where further festivities are to take place.

All this is very pleasant and will certainly attract a great number of English visitors to Normandy; but the fact is that, although it is certain enough that William was born at Falaise, it is not at all certain whether he was born in 1027 or 1028.

However, we must not quarrel about trifles. It is the spirit of the thing which matters, and we can surely join with Normandy in celebrating the birthday of a king who, with all his faults, was a very great man.

TOM MOORE

Why the Bermudas Remember Him Still

The people of the Bermudas, the little British group of islands in mid-Atlantic beloved of the American tourist, are proposing to erect a monument to Tom Moore in memory of his lyric praises of their home.

Moore's name, they say, is today as closely associated with the Bermudas as is Shakespeare's with Stratford, and it is because he first described it as a place of fairy enchantment, a spot for poets to live in and saints to die in, that the Americans come there in such numbers, to find his praise abundantly justified.

Even the coloured people of the islands, it is said, are familiar with his ballads, and may be heard singing them.

It is said to turn from these grateful praises to the accounts by Moore's own biographers of his connection with the islands. He went out to take up a Government appointment secured for him by his friends, an appointment carrying a salary but no work. He remained only three months. The salary proved inadequate, and the absence of work allowed life to become too monotonous. A saint might die there, but apparently a poet might die too—of dullness.

CUSTOMS GROWN INTO LAWS

Quite as Strong as Parliament

At an inquest the other day the responsibility for the death of a lorry driver was being discussed, and two companies told the coroner that Parliament had not put any obligation on them to take precautions against such an accident as had happened.

The coroner replied that there were two kinds of law in England, statute law and common law. It was a useful reminder. In England Parliament does not have to make a law about every possible duty or offence with which a citizen may be concerned. There is law which it has never made, but which is just as binding as the other sort, and it is called common law. Common law is law which began simply as custom and usage and was gradually strengthened and extended by the decisions of successive generations of judges.

These considered decisions have the full force of law, as have the customs on which they are based. They are customs grown into laws.

THE FIRST-CLASS SCOUT

From the Scout G.H.Q.

The Chief Scout would tell you that no Scout is really much good until he has become a First-Class Scout.

Of course, as in everything else, we have to learn to walk before we can run, and second-class is all right if it is looked upon merely as a step to becoming first-class. But no Scout will be content to remain second-class unless he wants to be reckoned as merely a second-class citizen later on, so every good Scout puts his shoulder to the wheel and makes up his mind to become first-class as soon as possible.

The Swimming Test

In order to do this he has to pass more advanced tests in signalling, ambulance, cooking, path-finding, distance-judging, and tree-felling. Among other things he must make a journey of a day or two by himself or with another Scout, and on his return must hand in a short report of it.

But perhaps the most important difference between a Second-Class and a First-Class Scout is that no boy can become a First-Class Scout until he can swim. Of all the Scout tests this has perhaps been discussed more than any other, because so many Scouts would like to be reckoned first-class, but remain second-class because they have not mastered the fifty-yard swimming test which is insisted on.

Scout Swimmers as Life-Savers

Again and again the Chief has been asked to allow an alternative to this for Scouts who are not within easy reach of water or who, perhaps, do not care about bathing, but he has always remained firm and unchangeable on this point. He does not consider any man an efficient or useful citizen who could see a child drowning and not be able, however willing he might be, to go to the rescue.

The enormous number of lives lost by bathers on the one hand, and the enormous number of lives saved by Scout swimmers on the other, have proved in the last twenty years that the Chief in insisting on swimming for Scouts has done a very useful service to the community.

Bringing in Recruits

There is one more point in the First-Class Scouts' test which must be mentioned. A good citizen is helpful to others, and before he can become a First-Class Scout a boy must bring another boy to the Troop trained by himself up to the point required for the Tenderfoot Badge. So that for every Scout who reaches the ranks of the First-Class Scouts there comes into the lower ranks of the movement at least one new boy, ready and eager to follow in the steps of his leader and in his turn one day to bring yet another young Scout into the Brotherhood.

So Scouting rolls on from year to year like some vast machine, taking in small boys at one end and moulding and working them up until they are turned out at the other end as citizens ready to take up the battle of life.

A HILL SWALLOWED UP What the Shepherds Saw

Within a few hundred yards of the village of Lafrontera, in Eastern Spain, stood till the other day a little hill covered with olive trees. It has disappeared.

Shepherds in a field heard a noise like a peal of thunder, and saw the hill sink into the earth before their eyes. Creeping up to the spot, they found a hole 50 yards across where the hill had been, and heard the sound of falling water at the bottom. They lowered a weight by a rope over 500 feet without touching bottom, and then a fresh fall engulfed the rope too!

DEATH OF A MULE A LOWLY WORKER OF YORKTOWN

Member of a Gallant and Not Very Stupid Race

THE MULE'S MORSE CODE

A mule has died in Yorktown, Pennsylvania, and the news of his decease has been telegraphed far and wide; it has been cabled over the seas to Europe.

This humble animal was not a performing mule; he worked in the anthracite mines. But he was so intelligent that he could do all kinds of tricks; he could open doors, tie a knot with his teeth, or unravel it. The miners were very proud of him, and everyone who visited Yorktown during the last twenty years heard about Dick, so that he really became a celebrated mule, and his death seemed an important event to the news agencies.

Hard-working and Hardy

Most English people make the mistake of thinking mules are stupid and vicious, but Spaniards and Americans think otherwise. General T. R. L. Bate of the British Remount Commission once said that if he had to make the remounting arrangements for any future war he would supplant horses by mules to the greatest possible extent. The mule is gallant, patient, hard-working, and hardy. On the troopships he had worse quarters than the horses, yet he travelled better. Veterinary surgeons reported that in cases of debility the proportion of sufferers was nearly five horses to one mule, in ophthalmia two horses to one mule, in cellulitis four horses to one mule, in digestive diseases eight horses to one mule, and in mange four horses to one mule.

So thousands of mules came from America to serve in the British Army, and we might not have won the war without them, for the pack-mule could plod through seas of mud which made wheeled traffic impossible, and he calmly went on with his job of bringing up supplies under enemy shell-fire.

A Book About Mules

Captain Sidney Galtrey, who has written an interesting book on our four-footed allies, tells of a raw recruit who had been a commercial traveller in civil life and who said he liked everything in the army except the mules and horses; he found them dangerous at both ends and most uncomfortable in the middle!

But few mules are really vicious; they are more often misunderstood. They hate noise, and the man who shouts and flourishes a stick will make the most sober mule his enemy. Another thing that they dislike is being pulled along by a man who faces them, and the experienced muleteer turns his back on the animal he leads. But the oddest thing about the mule is his Morse Code. Captain Galtrey declares that the mule signals with his ears; and that if the leader of a mule line senses danger and lays back an ear the next mule will copy him and the signal will go all down the line, and every animal will refuse to budge until the leader has been soothed and raises his ear as a sign that all is well again.

Old Dick of Yorktown really comes of a very intelligent, plucky, and industrious family, and it is time we left off caricaturing this old servant of ours.

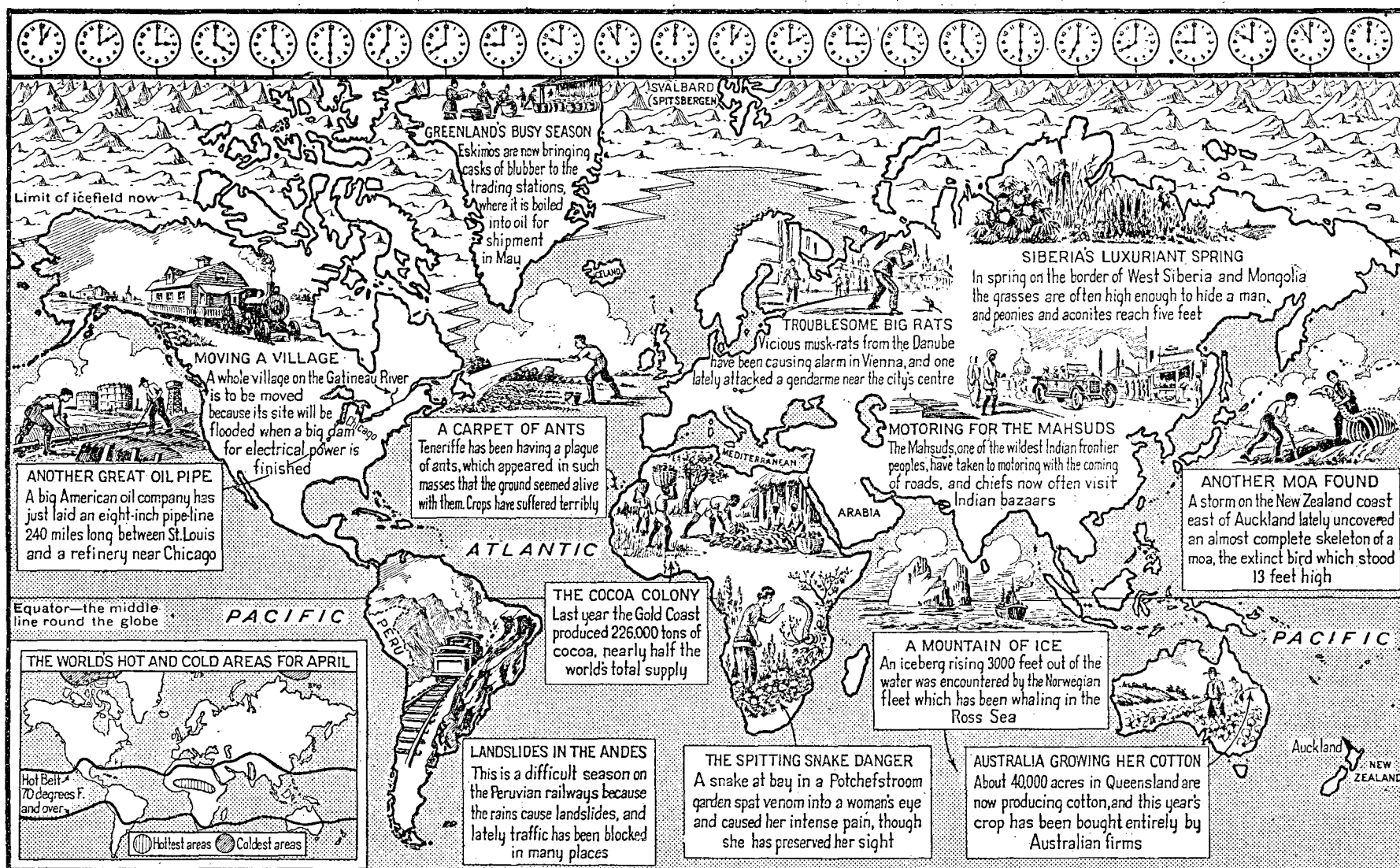
BUSY AUSTRALIA

Australia is rapidly adding to the number of its industrial workers.

In 1916 the men and women in the factories of New South Wales numbered only 116,000; in 1925 there was an increase to 166,000. Metal and machinery works employed 42,000 people, and the number of people engaged on clothing and textiles was 33,000.

The average man earns £230 a year, and the average woman almost £100.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SHANGHAI

A Great Event

CITY PASSES FROM THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH

The armies of the North have vanished from Shanghai, and the armies of the South have replaced them outside the International Settlement.

The transfer of the greatest commercial city of China was not a pleasant business. Friends of the Southern Armies inside Shanghai, and even inside the Settlement, thought it necessary to organise riot and murder in their support; and the defeated Northern soldiers thought the Settlement a convenient place of refuge from their foes. The result was some sharp fighting for the British troops and their allies, and anxiety must necessarily continue for a time.

But the Southern Government has declared its desire to preserve order among its followers, and to decide the future of the Settlement by negotiation and not by force. Britain accepts these assurances, but keeps her powder dry pending their fulfilment.

A BRICK FALLS IN A PARLIAMENT

Curious Happening at Delhi

The other day a brick fell from the ceiling of the brand new Chamber of the Indian Legislative Assembly while a debate was in full swing.

It fell on the desk of the Commander-in-Chief as he sat behind it. It sounds as if the roof must have been in danger of coming down, but examination showed that the brick was not part of the roof, but was fixed with cement to a plaster foundation. The cement had held, but the plaster had given way.

At the next meeting of the Assembly, the members found a huge tent set up between them and the ceiling, and behind this a systematic examination of the whole roof was in progress.

BUTTON AGAIN

A Little Fortune from a Barn

That important Nobody Button Gwinnett has broken his own record.

In the C.N. not long ago it was stated that the highest price ever paid for an autograph was the £5700 paid for Button Gwinnett's. He was an obscure American politician, English by birth, who chanced to be one of the 54 delegates to sign the Declaration of Independence. His autograph is very rare because no one held him in esteem during his lifetime or foresaw the day when collectors would pay huge prices to get a complete set of "signers."

Only a short time has gone by, and now another autograph by Button Gwinnett has been found and has fetched £10,200. This particular example was on an official document dated July 12, 1776, and was discovered by accident in a barn. Two days later the barn was burned down!

No king, poet, or saint is worth (in the autograph hunter's mind) as much as £5700, and now Button Gwinnett has nearly doubled his own record. But is it not odd that the great world might never have known that it had two autographs of Button Gwinnett if the fire had come a few hours earlier?

MECHANICAL CLERKS

A Counting House Wonder

A great insurance company states that it has saved over two million pounds in six years by the labour-saving machinery it has bought for its clerks.

Some of these machines have been on exhibition in Westminster. An electric typewriter with hairspring triggers sounds delightfully comfortable; but the most wonderful machine of all must be the calculator which can add, subtract, multiply, and divide. How popular that would be at school!

Scarcely less wonderful is a machine which can sort out and count £1500 worth of mixed silver coins in an hour.

HOW THE OLD LADY

CAME TO LONDON

The Stage Coach Days

An old lady named Mrs. Martha Tyler has died in St. John's Hospital, Wandsworth.

She was 105, and had vivid recollections of her first visit to London 83 years ago, when she travelled from Norwich by stage coach.

Mr. Percy Armitage, for so long Gentleman Usher to the King, can remember the time when it was a fashionable amusement to go to Hatchett's in Piccadilly to see the stage coaches start on May Day.

The stage coach was a gallant sight, and we are sometimes tempted to wish there were still coaches and four-in-hands in Piccadilly instead of motor-buses, but horses are better off than they used to be in the picturesque past, so that we are glad to live in the age of petrol after all.

A NEW ZOO

£50,000 to be Spent by the Sea

The British Isles have already five zoos, now they are to have six.

Withdean Hall, with its twenty acres of park and gardens on the outskirts of Brighton, has been bought by Mr. Chapman, the Barnet dealer in wild animals, and it is to be stocked as a zoological park at a cost of £50,000. The animals will be as much as possible in the open, with deep chasms between them and their visitors, though the children will be able to ride on elephants, camels, and Shetland ponies, and to pet tame monkeys and the little kinkajous that climb up their own tails, and even young lions and tigers.

There will be two lakes, inhabited by a host of flamingoes as well as pelicans, penguins, and other waterfowl. It is proposed that the new zoo shall be ready next year.

WHY THERE WAS NO

PENSION

Doing More than Your Duty

A VERY STRANGE CASE

Many strange reasons have been given for withholding pensions from disabled soldiers, but surely the strangest of all must be that given at an inquest the other day on John Robertson Grant.

Grant, who joined up in the first month of the war, fought with great bravery, and was mentioned in despatches. During the Armistice, while still in France, he found some old bombs lying about, and, deciding that they were dangerous, set to work to destroy them. He saw to the destruction himself because he did not want any of his men to be hurt.

Then one of the bombs, weighing 20 pounds, exploded in his hands. He was severely injured in the body and lost his left eye.

After his discharge from hospital he continued to have frequent headaches, so that he was only able to get casual employment; and now, after eight years, he is dead. Half an inch of shrapnel, it was found, had been embedded in his skull.

Yet during all those years he was denied a pension, having been told that as an officer it was not part of his duty to destroy the bombs; that he should have given the work to his men. In the eyes of the pension authorities, apparently, to do more than one's duty is as punishable as to do less than one's duty. We are sorry if that is the way we are governed.

TWO SISTERS

Two sisters who had not seen each other for 52 years recognised each other by each wearing a blue and white silk scarf when one arrived from New Zealand and met the other at Plymouth.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 9

1927

Pliable

Do you remember Pliable? He was the man who set out with Christian on his Pilgrim's Progress. At the outset he even urged Christian to mend his pace. But he did not get far.

When they came to the hard place which Bunyan calls the Slough of Despond, and Christian began to sink in the bog, it was too much for Pliable. He was very glad to hear about the city with golden streets, filled with music, but he had not bargained for the bog. "Is this," he said, "the happiness of which you have told me all this while? May I get out again with my life you shall possess the brave country alone for me." With that he managed to get out on the side of the bog nearest his own house, and sat sneaking among his neighbours, leaving poor Christian to struggle on alone.

Pliable was a fair-weather traveller. He was one of those who begin well but do not go through. We know Pliable; he is in our teams, in our schools, in our churches, in our offices. When any good piece of work is started he is there, and is full of enthusiasm; the others will not move fast enough for him. But the team begins to lose a few matches, and Pliable slips out; or the class comes to some stiff bit of the road, and Pliable is weary; or there is unpopularity to be faced and perhaps suffering, and Pliable is missing from the ranks. Pliable is a good comrade on sunny days, but we do not depend on him when storms begin. He is a poor fellow to have with one in a fight.

It was Jesus who told us what is wrong in Pliable. Harvests, He said, depend on three things—the sower, the seed, and the soil. The sower may do his work; the seed may be good seed; but if the soil be rocky there will be a swift growth and the shoots will die when the Sun beats on them because there is no depth of earth. The man who has no root in himself is like the rocky soil. At first there is much promise, but wait till the testing times come; he will not last. Pliable is like that. He does not last because he has no root in himself. So said one of the wisest men who ever wrote on Bunyan.

There is a Pliable in all of us, a pleasant, easy-going fellow who does not like difficult things to do or to bear. What are we to do with him? Do not the words of Jesus give us the secret? Let us take the word of truth and goodness into the deep places and have the root in ourselves. Rocky soil cannot alter itself, but man is not a rocky soil. He can, if he be willing, listen rightly, and he can let the word go deep into his very being.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

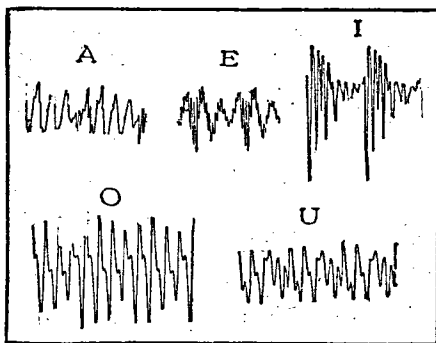


Surplus Stores

AN old friend of the C.N., Professor J. A. Thomson, has lately pointed out how many things the sea has given us for our use. There are shells for cameos, whale's teeth for ivory, amber from the Baltic, bangles of whalebone, coats of sealskin, cowrie shells for money, pearls for treasure, porpoise hide for boots, tortoiseshell and whale oil, codliver oil and lamp-shades; and food for all.

Yet this is only the small change of the wealth the Earth holds out to us in 25,000 kinds of backboneed animals and 250,000 kinds of animals without backbones. What possibilities they offer to the chemist who can see what to do with them!

And if the inventor could find a use for the surplus animals that nobody wants, the poisonous snakes, the treacherous alligators, and, above all, the mosquitoes and the poisonous flies, the world would grow so rich that want (and war) might cease.



U and I
It is now possible to make sound waves visible in this way. A cynic has noticed that in the sounds of the vowels the I makes most noise and the U almost the least

Here—and There

HERE is a description of a pass in the Naga Hills taken from a newspaper of today. It makes startling reading.

The pass itself was beautiful, and was covered with pines, oaks, and scarlet rhododendrons, but the inhabitants are unhappy, as they are subjected to constant head-hunting raids from Nagas to the west of the Manipur River. Every village stockade is manned from sunset to mid-morning and the approaches are strewn with man-traps each night. Each man sleeps with arms by his side, and there is always someone on guard during the ordinary pursuits of life, such as water-drawing, tilling, and wood-gathering.

We, on our side of the world, go about without fear and lie down to sleep unarmed yet safe. Perhaps it would be well if we were more thankful for some of the blessings we so often take for granted.

A Prayer for Dumb Creation

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to hear our supplications on behalf of dumb creation, who, after their kind, bless, praise, and magnify Thee for ever.

Grant that all cruelty may cease out of our land; and deepen our thankfulness to Thee for the faithful companionship of those whom we delight to call our friends.

The Dream of His Youth

IT is never too late to learn. M. Louis Andrieux is 87 and he has just taken the degree of Doctor of Letters at the University of Paris.

The old man has been a prefect of police, a deputy (which is the French for M.P.), and an ambassador, but he always regretted that he had not fulfilled the dream of his youth by taking this degree, and he won it at last after an examination lasting three hours. Long may he live to write the proud letters after his name!

Tip-Cat

WE never love the people who try to educate us. They can't even teach us how to do that.

THERE is no finer school of history, it is said, than Scott's novels. That is why historians often write fiction.

LONG ago one half of the world did not know the other half lived. And even now it does not know how it does it.

THE Prime Minister thinks it does not pay to make ugly buildings. People who make them do not agree with him.

THE English are the only people who laugh at themselves. They love a joke.

To be plain and dowdy is no virtue. Except when one makes a virtue of necessity.

THE clash between England and America is the clash between middle-age and youth. Omit the I, and this is still true.

CIVILISATION reached its first stage, it seems, soon after the Ice Age. Even yet we have not got beyond Hokey-Pokey.

Birds of a Feather

IN their dirty and unpleasant ways, and in their disregard of the beauties of the country, the worst type of gipsy and the worst type of motorist have much in common.

A local committee in Surrey

Peter Puck Advertises England

When your thoughts grow glummer set Off for sheltered Somerset.

How the heart in exile pants For the lovely fields of Hants!

There's no better land to tramp on Than the lanes of rare Northampton.

A welcome change from sea and sand Are the lakes of Westmorland.

Sussex Weald and downland turf, Sussex sands and sunlit surf.

On the thought of lovely Bucks Now ends this run of Peter Puck's.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



Why Summer Time begins in springtime

Little Paris in its Paradise

By a Travelling Correspondent

London's children have their Kensington Gardens to play in; the children of Paris have the spacious and lovely Luxembourg Gardens. This is what they are like on a fine, sunny day in spring.

A HUGE playground, planted with long lines of trees, grassy lawns, and flowers, where nothing is sold except playthings, where no one says *Don't make such a noise!*—that is the Luxembourg Gardens, the Paris children's Paradise.

Entering by the museum gate we see a broad avenue of trees stretching away into the distance. Figures that seem incredibly tiny in those long vistas are darting to and fro, some on scooters, some playing hoop, ball, or rounders. No one gets in anyone's way; there seems room for all the children of Paris.

All Kinds of Playthings

Schools as well as homes have emptied themselves in the garden this afternoon. There are ranks of dark-clothed boys and girls in charge of their teaching nuns, who fold and pile up all their short, round cloaks carefully on a wooden bench and then set them free. They disappear among the trees, which are so planted that where ever one looks there are straight, slender avenues, with their changeless and beautiful perspective.

At a crossing of the paths we come to a stall like those seen in country fairs in England. All kinds of playthings imaginable are sold there. Next we see a simple Merry-go-Round worked by hand, with horses just the right height cantering gaily round. A little farther along are sets of swinging boats.

Down the long walks go the wanderers, presently emerging on a shady corner where there is another covered booth. Can it be a Punch and Judy? No; but it is the next best thing, a Marionette show. The front benches of the booth are crowded with small children swinging their bare legs.

Off we go somewhere else, down the steps to the lake, where it seems as if all the toy boats of Paris are sailing. The fountain in the middle flings up a joyous stream, and makes plenty of trouble for the boats that run too close to the whirlpool.

Lovely Luxembourg Gardens

By the lake is a little booth where one can hire a yacht with mainsail, topsail, and jib ready set, with a long bamboo rod to guide the shore manoeuvres. Here is a nice breeze; we push off our yacht. Away she goes, heeling over, shipping many a sea, and we race round to the other side to beach her on the stone margin of the lake. It seems that one has to be quite grown-up before the fascination of sailing yachts dies away.

Sunshine and shower, wind and cloud, laughter and many tussles, hard games and easy play, with nothing forbidden except to hurt the grass and flowers and birds—such are the lovely Luxembourg Gardens on which the windows of the old palace look down.

April 9, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

A STORY FROM A STABLE

CHAPEL OF KING HAROLD'S SAXON RIVAL

The Ancient Romance of Our Wonderful Homeland

DEERHURST THROUGH THE CENTURIES

English history is all very modern compared with the history of Rome, Greece, and Egypt, yet what would not rich America pay for a little national story of 1200 years or so that has just been brought to light in the heart of Gloucestershire?

There, at ancient Deerhurst, the survey has now been completed of the hidden outline and foundations of one of the oldest Saxon churches in the country.

Deerhurst Church, extraordinarily reduced in proportions today, is structurally still tremendously strong, built, as all the ancient churches were, for strength as well as beauty, a place to which the people could flee for refuge when the Danes came or when some lawless earl of native birth made war on his own account to fill his coffers.

Monastery in the Forest

It was in Deerhurst, which is Anglo-Saxon for Forest of Wild Animals, that Deerhurst Church was founded, a clearing being made in the forest to receive a great monastery. It was probably in the eighth century. Certainly Deerhurst Abbey existed 1200 years ago, with rich possessions scattered over three counties, some 40,000 acres in all.

But time, the Danes, and the pious Edward the Confessor, enriching his new Westminster Abbey with Deerhurst properties, reduced the affluence of the ancient establishment; and war, neglect, change, and ruin depleted it more and more till the church was cut down to beggarly limits. Its great buildings disappeared, and farm premises appeared in their place. Not until a month or two ago were the old limits and outlines finally traced and the story of the old glories of Deerhurst firmly established.

A Disguised Chapel

Just near the old church stands a farmhouse which had a suspicious-looking barn or stable, walled off from the main dwelling yet clearly part of it. Some forty years ago the Vicar of Deerhurst espied a crack in the outer plaster of this wall, and with a scholar's happy curiosity was led to investigate.

Behind the crack was a beautiful old round-headed window. Inside, when all disguise and defacements were cleared away, was a perfect little Saxon chapel. Then, at last, was understood the message carved on a stone which had been found in 1675 bearing this following inscription in Latin:

Earl Odda had this royal hall built and dedicated in honour of the Holy Trinity for the good of the soul of his brother Elfric, which in this place quitted the body. Bishop Ealdred dedicated it on April 12 in the 14th year of Edward, King of the English.

The Mystery of the Stable

That means the year 1056. Now, Odda was the Earl Odda of whom we read in the Saxon Chronicle, the man who on the outlawing of Earl Godwin and the future King Harold was made by the Confessor Earl of the counties of Devon, Dorset, Somerset, and Cornwall, possessor of lands owned by Harold's banished family.

Odda became a monk and died at Deerhurst in August, 1056, ten years before his rival, crowned and triumphant, met his master and his death at Senlac.

For centuries, it is thought, pious monks chanted masses in the little chapel for the soul of Elfric; but how the building, so strongly yet beautifully built, changed its career and character and became degraded into a stable, can probably never be told.

DANCES SHAKESPEARE SAW

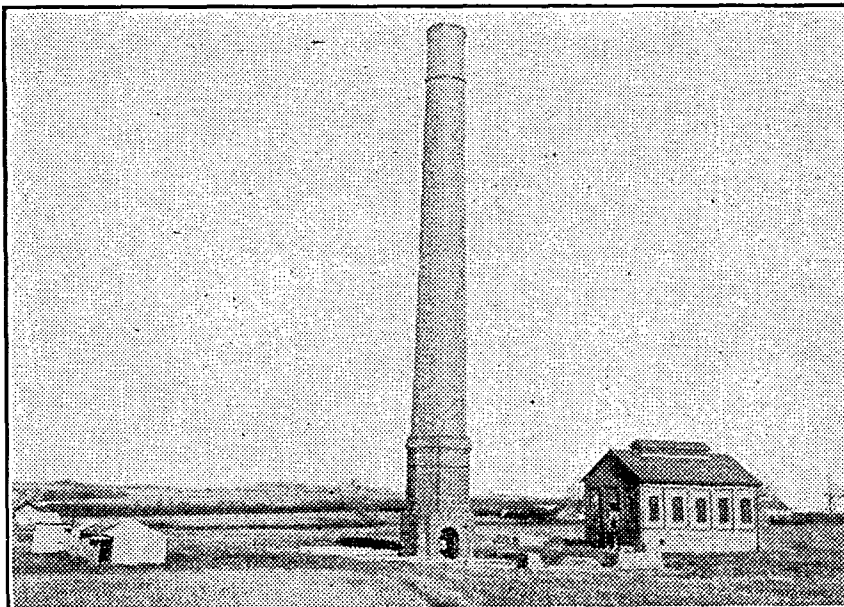
SOME people have just been invited to a very nice party, but the ballroom is rather a long way from their homes.

The guests live in England, and the dance is to be held in Bayonne, that old French city which is so close to the Spanish frontier. In spite of the distance the invitation has been accepted.

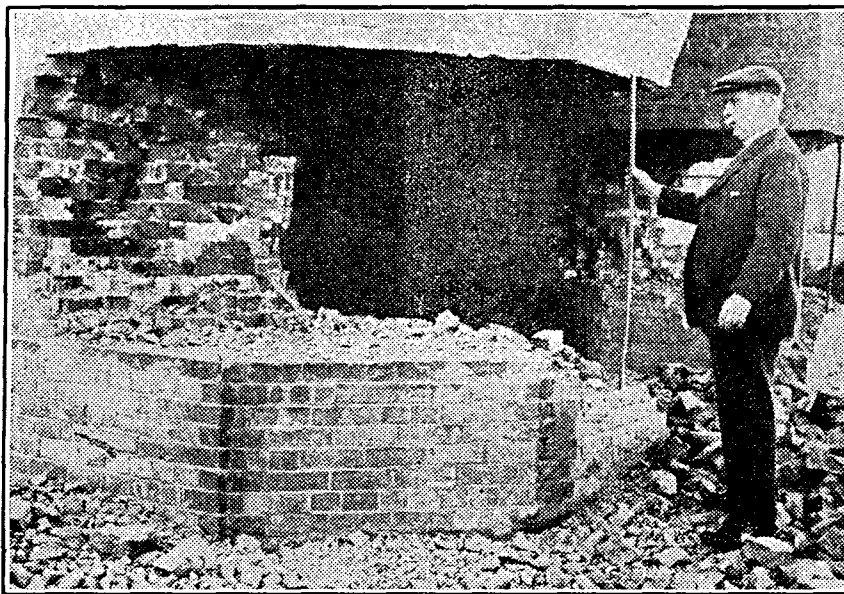
The English guests are members of the English Folk Dance Society, and their host is the town of Bayonne. A festival is being held this month to raise funds for the Musée Basque de Bayonne, and teams of dancers will perform the old dances which have been handed down from one generation to another in the Basque villages.

The team from England will open the ball on April 27, and we are sure that their gay tunes played on fiddle, pipe, and tabor will delight the Basque people, and that they will love the graceful, mazy measures that were once seen on every village green in England but are now only kept alive by a few enthusiasts. At this Bayonne Ball there will be no fox-trots or Charlestons, but only dances with such charming old names as Country Gardens, Shepherds Hey, Bonnets So Blue, Christchurch Bells, Bacca Pipes, Bobbing Joe, Old Mole, Black Nag, and Nancy's Fancy. Some of these dances Shakespeare saw, and some are said to go back to Druid times.

CHOPPING DOWN A CHIMNEY



The great chimney ready to fall



Measuring the gap in the brickwork

When Mr. W. Larkins, the well-known steeplejack, was engaged to demolish a 200-foot chimney at Sandwich he was not allowed to use explosives, so he chopped away the massive brickwork at the base in much the same way as a big tree is felled, and the giant fell with a crash

NEWSPAPERS FADING AWAY

The files of the war newspapers are fading away; it is almost certain that in a few years it will be impossible to read them.

This is entirely due to the modern manufacture of newspaper paper, for the old newspapers recording the revolution of 150 years ago in America are still almost as good as when they were printed.

Following the example of some of our chief London papers the New York Times has now led the way in America, as from New Year's Day this year, in printing a certain number of its papers every day on pure rag paper, which will give a permanent record in print of the happenings of today. It is the chemically treated paper made from wood pulp which causes the destruction of the printing ink, and the special copies of important newspapers printed on rag paper will be used for the files of libraries.

ONE OF OUR OLD FRIENDS

One of the happiest features of the C.N. letter bag is the appreciation we hear of from the old as well as the young.

For several years a reader has sent the C.N. to a gentleman in America who is 96. We are interested in this extract from a letter written by his daughter:

"The C.N. (she says) is a very great friend of his. It is all read to him. The information is gathered from all parts of the world, and we are much surprised many times to read from its pages things connected with this country of great interest which had been unknown before. More than one article he has had read from our pulpit because of something he felt should be made known; and other items he passes round to different people who he knows will be interested."

It is a very great pleasure to add this good American to our large company of old friends all over the world.

THE FUN OF CHANGING THE WORLD

HOW AN OLD MAN ENJOYS HIMSELF

Professor Boys and the Odd Behaviour of a Quartz Crystal

SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN IF YOU WAIT

Dr. Michelson has spent half a century in finding the speed of light and the last five years in getting as right as he could the last three figures of the mileage. This now stands at 186,173 miles a second. When he was asked why he was interested in the speed of light he replied: "If you want to know the reason it is because it is such good fun."

Because he finds it such good fun Dr. Michelson, who is seventy-four, is living among the mountains of California in an attempt to arrive at even greater perfection of accuracy. His present estimates are right to within two parts in a million.

He Wanted to Find Out

His answer can be compared with that of the great Dr. Virchow, who, when scientific men from all over the world had met to offer him congratulations on his seventieth birthday, and speech after speech had been made proclaiming the nobility which had urged him toward his discoveries, became very uneasy. At last, when he could no longer restrain himself, he jumped up, exclaiming, "No, no; I did it because I wanted to find out!"

In another way Dr. Michelson's patient and sustained experiments in finding the speed of light by sending a beam of it back and forth between two mountain peaks recall the task undertaken by Professor Vernon Boys, who spent several years underground in an Oxford cellar measuring the extent to which two metal balls attracted one another. By that he sought to reckon the value of gravity on the Earth. His years of work were spent in adding one more accurate figure to what is called the constant of gravity. While doing so he suspended his metal balls with fibres more delicate than any silk but made of quartz. While working with quartz he found that when highly compressed it gives out an electric current.

Using an Old Discovery

It is forty-five years since Professor Boys discovered this odd behaviour of quartz crystals. For nearly forty years it remained an odd fact. Like some other scientific discoveries, it did not seem to lead anywhere. Once when Mr. Gladstone was visiting Faraday's laboratory he asked what was the use of some of the inventions. "Well," said Faraday, "perhaps some day this invention may grow up into something you will be able to tax."

So it has been with the discovery of Professor Boys, for it has been found within the last few years that the quartz crystal when electricity passes into it vibrates, and vibrates regularly.

Consequently a quartz crystal can be used for measuring the lengths of wireless waves. When once the quartz crystal's period of vibration has been determined at the National Physical Laboratory it will measure wave-lengths with an accuracy hitherto unknown.

Quartz Crystals and Wireless

Beyond that, a specially cut quartz crystal can be included in a wireless circuit, and the waves emitted by the circuit can be governed and controlled without further handling. This means that every emitting station can be automatically restricted to its one wave-length.

These new electric crystal oscillators can also be used to find how much carbon dioxide there is in the air. Their career of usefulness is no longer good fun. It has only just begun.

THE LEAGUE IS SEVEN

MORE ELBOW-ROOM AT GENEVA

A New Home for the Banishers of War from the Earth

GREAT HOUSE BY THE LAKE

The League of Nations has only lately celebrated its seventh birthday, and already it is growing too big for its childhood's home.

When the Secretariat first began work in Geneva it settled down in the largest house the city possessed, and there were faint-hearted people who thought it far too big. "Go more slowly," they said. "Begin more modestly. Who knows whether this League will ever come to anything?"

But there were great-hearted people too, with courage and confidence in the future of the League, and they have been proved right. Today that big house is not big enough, nor has it been for some time. The workers have been cramped for space, and with Germany's entry into this great society of nations and the addition of Germans to every section of the Secretariat more rooms were needed, and another house has been taken to supply them.

Typewriters and Paint Pots

This second house is at a little distance from the main building and is connected with it by a wooden corridor (called by its pretty French name the Passerelle), which crosses from the second storey, high up above the roadway, supported on tall wooden pillars.

So pressing was the need for the new quarters that the busy League workers moved into them before the Geneva workmen moved out; paint pots still stood in passages, whitewash was still wet on walls, the tap-tap of typewriters mingled with the louder tap-tapping of hammers, and letters despatched to the far corners of the Earth doubtless carried with them the prevailing odour of paint and plaster.

Not only is the extra house necessary but the road must be widened for the increasing traffic. Here a house is pulled down, there a corner is cut from a garden, all to make more room for League traffic.

An International Competition

On the other side of the lake is the hall which is used each September for the Assembly. That also has become far too small since the world woke up to the importance of the League, and there is no longer enough room either for the journalists or the public.

Something had to be done. The League must not be crippled for want of space, and so its members have decided to build, and the new buildings will be large enough both for the Assembly and the Secretariat, so that they will not be separated as now.

A splendid site has been obtained on the lakeside, just beyond the present home of the Secretariat and adjoining the grounds of the new home into which the I.L.O. moved last year. An international jury of architects has drawn up conditions for the competition for designs for the new buildings.

TOMMY'S TUCK SHOP

The Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes, successors of the old Canteen Board, now supply to the members of the Forces each year

13,500,000 packets of chocolate
1,600,000 packets of other sweets
3,000,000 pieces of chewing-gum
3,000,000 packets of tea
350,000,000 cigarettes

And at Christmas-time over a hundred thousand Christmas cards. Tommy Atkins is drinking very much less beer now that the Canteen Board has been abolished.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Only one vessel was launched on the Tyne during the first ten weeks of this year.

Two fine banana plants, 12 feet high, have been grown in a garden near Swansea.

There were £60,000 worth of horse-whips sold in the United States last year in spite of cars.

A scheme for an open-air swimming-bath for Regent's Park is being considered. It would cost £12,000.

Herring in a Salmon

When taken from the River Tweed, a large salmon had a full-grown herring inside it.

A Flourishing Industry

We import about £250,000 worth of flowers every year, but ten times as many are grown and sold at home.

A Flint Saw

The British Museum has received from Egypt a prehistoric flint saw embedded in a piece of wood.

The Glasgow Bus

An omnibus service will shortly be established between Glasgow and Liverpool, 250 miles for £1 2s.

Seven Million Passengers

The London Underground has just beaten all its own records by carrying seven million passengers in a week.

A Polyglot Correspondence

The International Labour Office at Geneva used 23 languages in its correspondence last year.

Every Boy a Scout

Every Boy Scout on Tristan da Cunha received a new uniform by the last boat, and every boy on the island is a Scout!

Soon

According to the Air Minister England will soon be only two days' journey from Canada, five from India, six from South Africa, eleven from Australia.

A Correction

In writing of the Coolidge rays the other day we mentioned that they travel at the rate of a million miles a second. It should, of course, have been a million miles a minute.

Someone Had Blundered

When an accident occurred in a Highgate street someone blundered, with the result that two fire engines arrived instead of an ambulance!

TO THE BRAIN BEHIND THE TAXI

Why Not Popularise It?

The C.N. has already appealed to whoever is at the head of our London Taxi Business to adopt the great idea of a Book of Taxi Coupons.

It would be one of the greatest boons of our daily moving public in central London, and would, we are convinced, prove a precious source of extra revenue to the taxi-men who are so frequently complaining.

It should not be beyond the wit of business men to organise a book of coupons which could be cashed by any driver at some central office, and such a book would tempt the public to use taxis for thousands of journeys where they now take a bus or a train. Especially they would become popular gifts. Who would not like to give a lady a book of twenty taxi rides?

We return to the subject again because we find that it has now been adopted in Berlin, where new ideas catch the public fancy much more quickly than in old-fashioned London. Season-tickets for taxis are the latest innovation in the German capital. Coupons are issued at a fixed price for a certain number of miles, and at the end of the journey the right coupon is handed to the driver, who in turn hands it in at the proper office and receives the money for it.

The scheme has been adopted in an attempt to popularise the taxi, and is said to be meeting with much success.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

We give below the first list of contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund, which is to be devoted to the Little Folks' Convalescent Home at Bexhill. The number of subscribers is far too many to acknowledge in one issue and the list will be continued weekly until it is completed.

Contributions are still most welcome from readers who love the C.N.

£5 5s. E. P., London, W.1. £5. Mrs. E. P. Daniell, London, W.2; Helen Edmiston, Colwyn Bay; Florence and Leslie Brown, Bickley Park. £4. Sons of the Pupils of St. Bernard's, Bexhill. £3. F. N. Ellis, Mansfield. £2 10s. Mr. W. M. H. How, Stratford, Ham. £2 2s. K. S. Death, Cambridge. £2. Ulsterman's Daughter. £1. A Friend, Perth; Mrs. G. E. Lowe, Sutton Coldfield; D. Parsons, Hendon; Mr. Henry Dobb, Hampstead; A. Gunguine; Mrs. Kostin, Leominster; A. Mother; Mrs. W. F. Jones, Huddersfield; Miss E. A. Barton, Budleigh Salterton; M. Irene Roberts and Thora Peppercorn, Maik; Drayton; Miss L. E. Neil, Glasgow; Florence Blumer, Darlington; E. M. Vaughan, Sheffield; Betty Waldron, Barcelona, Spain; N. W. Howland, North Kensington; Joyce and Sheila, Forest, Wolverhampton; Miss Katie Kaye, Wakefield; Mrs. Walton, Hull; Mr. H. Farndon, London, E.C.3. £15s. 6d. S. E. M. Stourbridge. £15. Wendy, Eileen, and Fay, Edgbaston. £11s. Beryl Williams and Friends; C. N. Reader. £10s. 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TWELFTH NIGHT RUNS TWO YEARS Shakespeare Helps the Great Peace

Over oceans and mountains, frontiers and fortresses, across kingdoms and republics, all the way from England to Sofia, a letter travelled for 2½d.

It seemed cheap to the writer as she posted it, and it seems cheaper now, for it has brought a reply from a Bulgarian lady which tells one very remarkable thing at least.

"I have just been to Twelfth Night again (wrote the Bulgarian). They do it splendidly. It has been running two years already."

In that far-distant country, so very different in all its customs and history from England, they love Shakespeare. Shakespearean plays have had a great success in Germany and Paris this year also, while London has had a whole series of foreign plays.

Only by such exchanges (and, of course, by books) can nations grow to understand and love each other. Juliet, Rosalind, and Cordelia will do more to earn us friends than all our politicians.

THE PASHA AND HIS GOLF Morocco Marching On

The French have done wonders in the last few years in the development of their North African colonies, and one of the signs of the changing times is to be found at Marrakesh.

Here not many years ago was a centre of fanatical foreign hatred. For centuries the holy city of Morocco, which was founded in the eleventh century and at one time had 700,000 inhabitants, was barred to foreigners. It is only since the war that Europeans have been allowed to reside there at all.

Now comes the news that the Pasha of Marrakesh, descended in direct line from Mohammed, has laid out a golf-course to attract European visitors to the city. Every day he is to be seen there, playing a round himself, to advertise its attractions.

It is to the French policy of traversing Morocco with fine roads, after the ancient example of the Romans, that most of the wonderful improvement in the country is due. Now that the Moor can get about his country in motor-cars he does not care to be left behind in the march of civilisation, and golf (so we hear) is one of the great and sure signs of civilisation!

Continued from the previous column

Woman, North Ireland; E. Rosa Holl, Lowestoft; Kathryn McBurnie, Saltcoats; Miss McNeil, Greenock. £3s. 6d. Gertie Smith, South Chingford; E. J. Thimbleby, Lincoln; Miss E. M. T., Eccles. £3s. Annie Oliver; Mrs. and Philip Headley, Kennington; Mrs. Langthorne, Leeds. £2s. 9d. Mrs. Lansdell, Bournemouth; A. W. Davidson, London, S.W.5. £2s. 6d. Anon.; Mrs. Wilkinson, East Grinstead; H. Watt, Fife; Mrs. Humphreys, Wallasey; Joyce E. Hayward, Hammersmith; Mrs. Smith, Isleworth; Miss A. L. Smart, Dartford; Charles Massey, J.P., Winsford; Joan Causton, Southampton; E. B. Wandsworth Common; Kathleen Stephenson; A. Schoolboy; Anon.; Miss Jean Burton-Brown, Hastings; M. M. Gardner, Worthing; B. Eads, Putney; Mary Dendle, Godalming; Mrs. Turner, Worthing; K. Y. Barwell, Burnt Yates; E. J. Wells, London, N.W.11; Kate Guilder, Birmingham; Miss M. Hutchinson, Bolton; Mrs. Thompson, Ely; Elsie E. Carlyle, Glasgow; William Coote, Walthamstow; Miss Whitworth's Pupils, Dunstable; L. E. Babb, Bideford; H. A. B. Guernsey; A. Lover of Bains, Hove; Jean Stewart-Wallace, Gerrards-Cross; Miss F. A. Richardson, Southchurch; Kenneth F. Vigers, Redruth; Peggy Anderson, Lower Walton; A. Leslie Hughes, Birkdale; Mrs. Lloyd, Sheffield; W. R. Woodcock, St. Helens; E. C. Gravett, Kings Heath; Mr. B. French, Seaford; Miss E. M. Frankham, E. Dulwich; Mary and Irene, Thornton Heath; Mrs. Layland, Camborne; Miss Jean G. Taylor, Harlesden; Mr. Harry Chadwick, Old Colwyn; J. K. Reigate; A. Worker, Chiltern Hills; Mrs. Birchley, Raynes Park; John and Dick, Hampstead Garden Suburb; E. Search, Wimbledon; Nolik Sheer, Rigas, Latvia; John Pringle, Co. Tyrone; Gordon Stevenson, Dublin; Regular Reader, Torquay; Mrs. Gladwell, Harwich; Miss Irene Foster, Leigh-on-Sea; K., Liverpool; Two C.N. Admirers, Dunster; Mrs. B. G. Cain's Family, Liverpool; Robert Rouse, Edinburgh; Joyce, Allwood, Cardiff; Betty Aitken, Bishop Auckland; Miss Jean W. Downies, Edinburgh; Miss B. Howard, Hornsey Rise; Nellie Field, Marple; Mrs. Ingram, Peterhead; Anon., Edinburgh.

TUNNELLING THE ROCKIES

Replacing One of the World's Highest Railways

THE LINE UP TO A SNOW SHED

Some of the most wonderful railway feats in the world have been concerned with the crossing of America's great Rocky Mountain Range, and now yet another great tunnel is on the point of completion there.

The present line between Denver and Salt Lake City makes a winding climb of thirty miles before it reaches its highest point at Corona and begins to descend. Corona, though it is called a town, is just a telegraph station in a snow shed! But it is nearly 12,000 feet above sea-level, and the railway through it is said to be the highest standard gauge track in the world.

A Six-Mile Tunnel

But now a new railway is nearly complete which cuts out all this and shortens the journey from Denver to Salt Lake by twelve hours. The new track will plunge into the mountain side from almost level ground, and, with a slight up-grade for half the distance and then a slight down-grade, will come out in open country on the other side. The greater part of it will be two miles below ground, and it will be more than six miles long, the longest tunnel in the United States.

The tunnel is expected to cost five million pounds and has been difficult to build. A great deal of soft material, which had to be timbered up, was traversed, and there were many underground rivers. A crater lake above nearly emptied itself into the tunnel before it could be controlled.

SOOTY ENGLAND

No Spot Free Up North

When shall we make up our minds to free our towns from the curse of soot?

Professor Cohen, of Leeds University, says there is not a spot throughout the North of England that is free from it. Even the lovely Conistone Lake is sometimes thickly coated with it. Chimneys belch it up into the clouds; and the clouds carry it far and wide. And it is all utterly unnecessary!

Domestic heating costs two and a half million pounds a year more than if only gas, electricity, or coke were used, and power for works costs three millions more. Then there is a further loss of twenty or thirty millions through inefficient heating appliances, and no one knows how much more is wasted by-products of value.

Manchester's extra washing bill through smoke is a quarter of a million, and what must be put down for painting and re-decorating? London spends £120,000 a year on renewing stonework injured by smoke.

THE OLD FIRM

46 Men with 40 Years' Service

Some weeks ago we asked if any British firm could beat the fine record of Hall's Engineering Works at Dartford, which has 134 people, directors, mechanics, and clerks, with over 25 years of service, almost one in every ten, of its staff.

A C.N. reader near Bilston, in Staffordshire, responds with a claim for the Cannon Iron Foundries, who at their recent centenary had 46 employees who had been with them over 40 years.

Eight of these have been with the firm for half a century, and one man lately retired after over 70 years of work.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

Dictator of Florence in Its Golden Age

Lorenzo de Medici died on April 8, 1492.

Lorenzo de Medici is to be remembered as one of the greatest patrons of art the world has ever known. We use the word patron with a difference here. Lorenzo was careful all his life never to patronise artists. He always considered when he bought a picture or helped a painter that it was he himself who was favoured.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, as the Florentines so lovingly called him, collected beautiful things because he loved them. A great many men amass treasures of art largely because it gives them a sense of power.

There was nothing of that unpleasant egotism in the Magnificent. He had just missed the divine spark himself. He just missed being a great artist. As it was, he showed himself to be a poet of considerable gifts, and he gathered writers in his company along with painters and sculptors. To the end of his days he had a hunger for more knowledge, more beauty.

Carrying on a Tradition

In this he was in himself the very spirit of the Italian Renaissance. No other period could have produced such a man. He was born in Florence in 1448. His grandfather, Cosimo de Medici, a merchant prince, had laid the foundations both of the family fortunes and the greatness of Florence in his lifetime. Lorenzo carried on the tradition. He was practically ruler of Florence, and had more duties and responsibilities than we can easily imagine. He steered the Republic through seas of trouble, often went in danger of his own life, travelled here and there, and still found time and interest to care for the things that make for beauty and peace.

Friendship with Michael Angelo

He comes in and out of the lives of Florentine painters in the fifteenth century like a prince in a fairy tale, dispensing fairy gifts. No matter what was a man's rank; if he were an artist or a writer he was welcome in the Medici palace. The gardens at Careggi, adorned with antique statues collected by Lorenzo with great care, were free to any art student who wanted to draw there. His library was open to all scholars.

It was Lorenzo who gave Botticelli one of his earliest commissions and kept him working for many years. It was Lorenzo who spied a boy drawing in the Medici gardens one day and, recognising genius, called him into his house.

The boy was Michael Angelo, and for two years he lived in the Magnificent's home and was treated as one of the family. Lorenzo's friendship with Michael Angelo lasted till his own death. There were many others he befriended whose names are now high in the roll of fame—like Piero di Cosimo, Ghirlandaio, Filippino Lippi.

His Marvellous Collection

The Magnificent got together a marvellous collection of classic statuary and manuscripts as well as treasures wrought by the artists of his day. There were always men in certain parts of Europe hunting for treasures for Lorenzo. "You would have said they were dogs of the chase," wrote someone; "anything that was rare, by some means they found it."

The end of Lorenzo's life was in keeping with his career. One of his servants had been travelling in the East, searching for Greek manuscripts, and he was said to have found about two hundred. He hastened home with his precious booty, but, alas! the Magnificent was on his deathbed.

He said sadly how he would have liked to be able to touch and read those manuscripts. His own book was finished. A few hours later, on April 8, 1492, the Magnificent passed away.

THE LAMP BY THE RIVER

The Civil Guard Remembers

By a Visitor to Scotland Yard

All C.N. readers know the Toc H lamp of remembrance of the Great War in All Hallows, Barking by the Tower. There is another lamp in London which goes not out night or day in memory of the dead. It is in Scotland Yard.

This is a very different thing from the little lamp of the brotherhood that flickers not far from the pilgrim's sword in the dim church corner. It is set in an upper corridor of the big building by the river, a large lamp, something like the lamps which used to light the streets of country towns before electric arcs usurped them. The glass is opaque, and gives out a yellow glow. There is nothing sentimental about the lamp, nothing gorgeous.

No Ordinary Light

It stands at a turn of the stairs on a square pedestal. As we come upstairs we are aware of this light glowing overhead, and might think it an ordinary lamp until we see that immense wreath of bay with the navy blue ribbon which hangs below and seems to say *This is no ordinary light; this is in remembrance.*

Three sides of the pedestal are engraved with names. On the fourth is a simple inscription in memory of men who laid down their lives:

*To you from sailing hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high.*

The world is more and more forgetting the war. To thousands among us it is a name, a fact in history, something that lasted from 1914 to 1918. It is good to think of this warm glow of remembrance in that stern, cold building which is the home of the Metropolitan Police, the greatest Civil Guard in the world.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What are the Capitals of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia?

The capital of Lithuania is Kovno, of Latvia Riga, and of Estonia Reval.

Has the Resurrection Plant Any Other Name?

It is sometimes called the Rose of Jericho, and is known to botanists as *Anastatica Hierochuntina*.

What is the Coal Consumption of an Atlantic Liner?

Over 6000 tons are required to take a big liner from Liverpool or Southampton to New York.

What are the Stars Made Of?

By means of the spectroscope scientists have discovered that the stars are made up of the same elements as are found on the Earth.

Where is Helium Found?

It was first discovered in the Sun by means of the spectroscope. On the Earth it is found in minerals like cleveite, bröggerite, fergusonite, and monazite, in the atmosphere, in various natural gas supplies, and in some mineral springs.

Can a Cat See in the Dark?

No; no creature can see if it is perfectly dark, but cats and other animals have eyes so constructed that the pupils can expand much more than the pupils of our eyes, and so when there is very little light their eyes allow all the light possible to enter. That is why they see better than we can at night-time.

What is the Advantage of a Limited Company?

A limited company, whether it has many or few shareholders, is a company in which the liability of each shareholder is limited to the amount of his shares. Thus if a company which is not limited fails any single shareholder or partner is liable for the full amount of the debts if the other partners have no assets, whereas if a limited company fails a shareholder with, say, £20 invested in shares is liable only for the £20.

TOTAL ECLIPSES OF THE SUN

WHY THEY RARELY OCCUR

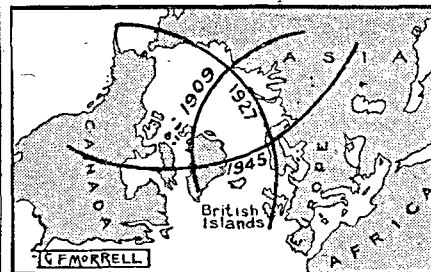
Only One to be Seen in England Before 1999

NO REPETITION IN NATURE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The importance of taking advantage of the coming opportunity for viewing a total eclipse of the Sun may be inferred from the fact that another will not occur in England till August 11, 1999, and then the shadow will touch only the extreme south-west, in the neighbourhood of the Lizard in Cornwall.

So many of us will never have the opportunity of witnessing this impressive spectacle in this country. The nearest of these coming total eclipses will occur on February 15, 1961, when the shadow track will pass across Southern France and Northern Italy. But one will occur on July 9 in 1945 in which the shadow will cross the northern part of Norway, Sweden, and Russia; and another in the southern section of Norway and



The shadow tracks of three eclipses, including this year's, showing the Saros effect

Sweden on June 30, 1954, this last belonging to a different set of eclipses.

It is a very interesting thing that a precisely similar type of eclipse will always recur after an interval of 18 years and 11 days, this repetition in a regular cycle being known as the Saros, the discovery having been made by the Chaldeans thousands of years ago.

Therefore, although many eclipses of the Sun will occur between now and 1945, this one alone will repeat the eclipse of June 29 as regards the relative positions of the Sun and Moon in relation to the Earth. But in 1945 a different part of the Earth will be toward the Sun, because the exact length of the interval is about eight hours longer than the 18 years and 11 days period.

Occasionally Leap Years throw the calendar dates out by a day. The total eclipse of August 11, 1999, belongs to this set, being the fourth from 1927, while the eclipse of July 17-18, 1909, was the Saros that preceded the coming eclipse, but was not visible in England owing to the Earth's having rotated too far in the extra eight hours.

Effect of the Earth's Rotation

Our map shows the paths of the three successive eclipses which repeat this particular Saros of June 29. From this we see that, owing to the Earth's rotation, exactly the same part does not come under the shadow again—in fact, never will; for after about 1260 years of recurrence a particular repetition of solar eclipse dies out.

So we have thus an additional example of the fact that, though Nature works in wonderfully balanced cycles, nothing ever exactly repeats itself, differences of time and place always modifying the repetition of an event. Just as we individually, our world, the Sun, the stars, never return to the same place in space or time, so the coming eclipse will never return.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west by north-west, Mars west. Saturn south-east about midnight.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

What Has Happened Before

Lawrence Benson, a young wireless operator on a tramp steamer which has put in at Hong Kong, goes over to Macao to see his brother Michael.

While out in Michael's motor-boat they rescue a drowning man.

Later, in seeking refuge in a storm, they come upon the amazing sight of a Chinese squatting on a cushion in a bare room with a knotted rope round his neck, the ends in the hands of two other men who are standing over him

CHAPTER 3

A Matter of Business

FOR a moment the two parties faced each other without moving, as still as though they were tableaux vivants on a stage.

It was the stillness of mutual surprise. Then the Chinese on the left dropped the end of the rope he was holding and thrust his hand into one of the pockets of his loose coat. Michael, who had been watching him warily, caught sight of the butt of a revolver, and instantly raised his rifle to his shoulder.

At this the second Chinese hurriedly dropped the rope, and, dashing to the open unglazed window on his left, sprang out into the teeming rain. His companion, finding himself alone, withdrew his hand empty from his pocket and followed the first man. The Bensons were left with the seated Chinese, who had remained motionless through the brief scene, without even a flicker of the eyelids.

Larry moved to the window, either to see what had become of the two Chinese or perhaps to pursue them.

"Leave them alone!" Michael called. "They seemed pretty well scared, and we don't want to get mixed up with a row; it might make endless difficulties and complications."

"That is the voice of wisdom." Both the boys started, and turned toward the Chinese on the floor.

The well-spoken English from his Oriental lips struck them with astonishment. For the first time he had shown signs of life; a slight smile dented his cheeks.

"Let them go," he continued. "Take no further trouble on my poor account. Their fate will find them in due time. But if you gentlemen, who have come so luckily to my assistance, would fill the cup of my obligation I would ask you to have the extreme goodness to cut my bonds."

Then they saw that his wrists were tied tightly behind him. With a murmured word Michael cut the cords. The Chinese rose, rather stiffly to his feet, loosed the rope from his neck, bowed to them each in turn, and said:

"I am deep in your debt; and I hope it may be in my power some day to show that I am not ungrateful of it."

Michael had been long enough in China to recognise that the man before him was not the small trader or farmer that his dress seemed to indicate. His bearing and manner of speech were those of a scholar or man of rank. He appeared now to think that some explanation of the recent scene was due to the young strangers, who had asked him no questions, being, in fact, too much surprised to have words at their command.

"Your wonderment is natural," he said. "I had come to meet those two men to discuss a matter of business, supposing I could trust them. But my confidence was misplaced. They took me unawares, overpowered me, and were endeavouring to persuade me to promise them a ransom when your honourable selves appeared. It was a critical moment, for I had shown myself as hard as granite, and their method of persuasion would have resulted in my death had you not come just then."

"They would have killed you?"

said Larry.

"Without a doubt," replied the Chinese serenely. "The rope was about my neck, strong hands grasped it, and it needed but a little strain to still my breath for ever. I thank you again. And now, as the storm has ceased and I would go on my way, may I beg for your escort for a little distance, provided that I do not discommode you?"

"Oh, no," said Michael. "Our time is our own; we came here for shelter from the storm. I am glad we did."

They left the building together, and set off in an easterly direction, trudging heavily over the swampy ground. The boys kept a sharp look-out for signs of the two fugitives, but the country was flat and open, with scarcely any cover for a lurking enemy, and the Chinese walked on in apparent unconcern.

After rather more than a mile he halted at the crossing of two tracks. Pointing to the right-hand path, he explained that his way lay in that direction; to reach the creek they must go straight on.

"Do you feel safe now?" asked Michael.

The Chinese smiled. "The bird is not caught twice in the same snare," he said. "Once more I offer my humble thanks for your gracious kindness. And may I ask you to favour me with your names? I am myself an insignificant person, and it may never be in my power to make a suitable return for your kindness; but one cannot see into the future, and I am always your humble servant."

The boys gave him their names. He smiled, bowed low to each, and went his way alone.

CHAPTER 4

The First Brush

AH SUNG, like other good cooks, could prepare food and exercise his tongue at the same time. While the boys, on their return, were changing their wet clothes he told them that the castaway had disappeared, spinning the story out to a greater length than seemed necessary.

Leaving the man prostrate in the boat, he said, he had gone ashore for a few minutes to beg some fresh drinking-water from the farmer Lo Fing. When he returned the man had vanished. That was remarkable enough, Ah Sung thought, seeing that the silly fellow was wounded and weak; it was still more remarkable that there was nothing missing from the boat.

"That's why you called him a silly fellow, eh?" said Michael, laughing. "At any rate, we've no further responsibility for him."

They had barely changed when Lo Fing strolled down to the quay, smiling round his big pipe, and asked what sport they had had.

"Not so bad," Michael replied. "The rain rather spoiled things. By the way, Mr. Fing, do you know anything about that queer ruined building in the field yonder?—about three miles away, I should guess."

He pointed in the direction of the place. The Chinese explained that it had been a temple in days long ago. There were stories of a murder that had been committed there, and of ghosts that haunted the building, which had been allowed to fall into decay.

"They were pretty solid ghosts this afternoon!" said Michael, going on to relate the strange scene he had witnessed.

Lo Fing's smile gave way to a look of uneasiness.

"What's the matter?" Michael asked. "Do you know anything about any of the three men?"

"Nothing; but it is ill news. I fear trouble. There has been peace and order for many years. The late governor was a strong man, and knew how to put down the pirates

who used to haunt these creeks. But he is gone, and things are not as they were. Since the revolution there is no longer any respect for law and order, and the pirates are beginning to be active again. I am troubled, for it may be that I shall have to abandon my farm."

"Do you suppose, then, that the men we saw are pirates?"

"Who can tell? It is possible, and I am uneasy for you. You interfered between them and a victim; that is clear. They were afraid of you; that is also clear; but they will bear you a grudge, and they no doubt have confederates; they may even have tracked you to this very place, and if I may offer a word of seasonable advice to gentlemen whom in my insignificance I hold in the highest respect it is that you will return at once to Macao."

"Many thanks for the warning; we will give it every consideration," said Michael gravely.

The farmer stayed a few minutes talking, but his constrained manner showed that he was seriously perturbed, and he soon went away.

When they had finished the savoury meal that Ah Sung had got ready they ran the Bantam a few miles up the creek, and chose their anchorage for the night in the middle of a fairly wide stretch of water where the banks gave little cover to a possible enemy.

The sky was brilliant with stars, the air cool, and the boys remained on deck till a late hour, exchanging confidences about all that had happened since their last meeting. No sounds broke the stillness except the gentle wash of the water, the rustle of the reeds on the banks, the murmurs of unseen creatures, and by and by the regular snores of Ah Sung. When at last they turned in they fell asleep at once.

Some hours later Michael woke with a sudden start, and raised himself on his elbow, listening intently. Ah Sung in the stern was still snoring. Larry, nearer at hand, was sleeping without a sound.

"I could have sworn I heard the splash of a paddle," Michael said to himself.

He got up quietly, and peered into the darkness. There was no sound—nothing to be seen.

"Suppose I was mistaken," he thought, and returned to his bed.

It was some time before he again slept; having been once roused his senses were alert and strained. But nothing further disturbed him, and he slept soundly until Ah Sung started preparing breakfast.

Michael had made light of Lo Fing's warnings; yet the incident of the previous day and the fancied sound in the night had not been without effect on his mind, and he decided not to go far from the boat that day. The boys landed soon after breakfast and moved along

the swampy ground near the left bank; but game was scarce, and presently they climbed a low hillock to get a look out.

"We've no luck this morning," said Michael.

Larry did not reply, and his brother, turning toward him, noticed that his eyes were fixed intently on some object which, to judge by his expression of concentration, was very far away.

"Any wireless about here, Mike?" he said at last.

"About here? Not likely. In Macao, of course—"

"No; here. Look!" He pointed into the distance.

"What is it? I can't see anything," said Michael.

"Well, I may be mistaken, but my sight has always been a bit keener than yours, and over there, ever so far away (miles, I should think); there are two tall masts for all the world like the wireless masts you see in any cottage garden at home."

Michael unsung his glasses and gazed along the line of Larry's outstretched arm.

"I can see two poles now," he said: "certainly miles away; but they're probably the masts of some junk or other in one of the windings of the creek. But I say, there's something else. There are some fellows moving through the paddy fields over there."

"Labourers?"

"No; fellows with rifles; they're slinking along straight for our boat. Take a look."

Larry confirmed his statements. About a dozen men, dressed in brown with saucer hats, were creeping stealthily across the fields toward the creek.

"Can they see us, do you think?" asked Michael.

"It's not likely unless they've got glasses, and that isn't likely. All the same, we'd better slip down off this height and make a dash for the Bantam."

They hurried down the side of the hillock and ran at top speed in the direction of the boat, taking what cover they could from the shrubs and tall grasses.

In a few minutes it was evident that there was no hope of their reaching the Bantam before the Chinese. By the time they reached the edge of the paddy field that bordered the creek they heard high-pitched Chinese voices apparently hailing the boat. Pausing a moment to recover breath, they crept through the field until they could see the Chinese, some of whom were bunched on the bank, while three were already swimming toward the little vessel in mid-stream. Ah Sung was not in sight; they guessed that he was lying doggo, out of harm's way.

"There's nothing else for it," Michael whispered. "We must go straight at 'em."

Bending low, Michael led the way. The Chinese, intently watching the progress of their fellows toward the boat, had no eyes for anything else. The boys were within a dozen yards of them before they heard sounds of movement; then it was too late, for the boys, leaping over the ground, rushed headlong at the group, and with the butts of their guns laid lustily about the astonished natives. Three or four of them, recoiling before this rude assault, tumbled into the creek; the rest took to their heels and disappeared into the paddy.

Meanwhile, like a Jack-in-the-box, the broad, squat figure of Ah Sung had popped up on deck. Snatching up a boat-hook, he made fierce lunges at the three swimmers, who had just reached the boat and were clinging to the painter of the dinghy. Startled by the splashes behind them and menaced by the boat-hook in front, the men loosed their hold and swam frantically to the farther shore.

"We've no time to lose," said Michael. "They'll pick us off as soon as they've recovered from their fright. Ah Sung!" he called. "Bring Bantam this side wailo chop-chop."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Plums

DONALD's uncle had sent him a box of red plums from Rhodesia.

Donald happened to be going to a new school, and that morning he took a plum with him. He met another boy on the doorstep, a boy going to the same school. They walked up the road together. You can't halve one of those soft Rhodesian plums: the thing's impossible. So Donald just held it in one hand all the way, while in the other he carried a bag of books.

He meant to gobble up the plum quickly in the cloakroom, but when he got there who should he find but the headmaster, a young, cheerful, yet stern-looking man, who came up to Donald and greeted him.

A boot hole, a boot hole. He might leave the thing in a boot hole. He was tired of it already. One always puts one's boots in a special place. But here was the master, explaining that they had not yet been able to find Donald a boot hole, so his boots must just stand in the corner. In desperation, for it was time for lessons to begin, Donald placed the plum on the top of the boots. But it was not allowed to rest there; a big boy espied it and, picking it up, called after Donald, "I say, are you in the habit of leaving plums in boots?"

Donald seized the plum, blushing violently. How he wished he had never brought it! He went upstairs, and he tried to leave the fruit on a small table he saw in the hall. But just as he was putting it down a housemaid who was dusting cried out, "Nothing's to be left here, please!"

He was given a desk in the schoolroom, and he was just tucking away the plum when a voice said, "No food allowed in the desks! I'm monitor."

He looked up, and saw a fair-haired boy with an air of authority. So the plum was folded in Donald's sticky hand again.

He held it desperately all through the first part of the lesson. The plum was growing hot. Then he made a desperate resolve to eat it. It was a geography lesson. The master was asking the first row questions about South Africa, and as Donald sat at the back he hoped there would be time. With a quick movement he stuffed the whole plum into his mouth. Just then the master raised his eyes and asked him about the exports of Rhodesia. Donald's mouth was full, he stood up, crimson in the face, cheeks blown out, and said, after a tremendous swallow, "Red plums!"

"Oh, I don't think so," said the master.

"What a pity; I've just eaten mine. I could have proved it. You could have seen for yourself," cried Donald; and at the master's frowning look of surprise everything seemed so dreadful that Donald began to laugh helplessly; and when he told the whole story everybody else was obliged to laugh too.

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The Year's at the Spring, and Day's at the Morn



THE BRAN TUB

Word-Changing

With arrogance swelled I strut o'er the plain,
And a numerous retinue have in my train;
Transposed, though I now may be horrid and frightful,
Transpose me again, I'm a place most delightful.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Carpincho

The Carpincho is the largest of living rodents, reaching a length of four feet. It is of a very quiet and peaceful disposition, spending most of its time either in feeding or in reposing listlessly on the banks of some river or lake. Its home is in eastern South America.

Things Just Patented

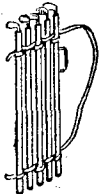
We have no further information about the new patents illustrated here.

Anti-Glare Spectacles. The strong light from the sky is very injurious to the sight of many people. These new spectacle lenses are designed to overcome the glare by having the top portions darkened, as shown in the sketch.



An Expanding Golf-club Carrier.

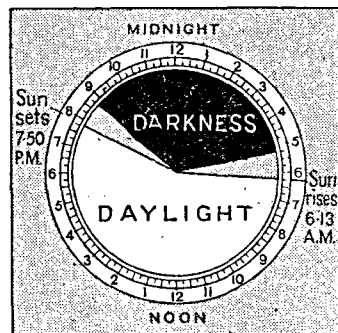
Here is a golf-club carrier which has a separate holder for each club, and as the method of attachment is quite simple the number carried may be increased or decreased according to the number of clubs required for any particular game. The series of tubes may be arranged flat, as shown, or they may be arranged as a cluster.



Proverbs About Poverty

A LIGHT purse makes a heavy heart.
Poverty is not a crime, nor a credit.
He that is content with his poverty is wonderfully rich.
Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.
Little wealth, little care.
Poverty is the mother of all arts.

Day and Night Chart



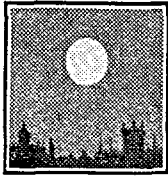
Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day. Clocks are put forward an hour for Summer Time on April 10.

Is Your Name Napier?

NAPIER sounds very aristocratic, but like so many other surnames of Anglo-French origin, it comes from honourable service. It is from nappe, cloth, and a nappier was the servant who looked after the napery, or house linen, in the house of his lord.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE young redbreasts are being hatched out. The song thrush, stock dove, and long-eared owl are laying their eggs. The wren and chaffinch are building their nests. The titlark, great plover, blackcap, and willow warbler are heard. The common lizard appears. The carrion beetle is seen. Ash, heartsease, butter-bur, pear, cherry, and dog violet are in flower.



Looking South 10 p.m., April 12 Summer Time

Hidden Trees

EACH of the following sentences contains the name of a tree, the letters occurring in their correct order.

Has Harry studied his lesson?
From the mountain top almost the entire valley was visible.
In this place Darius the Median reigned.

The officer gave an affirmative reply.

Has the cab a yearly licence?
In Corinth ornate frescoes were discovered.

On the placid pool I very gently dropped a leaf.

Hop in, Edward, we are going to start!

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



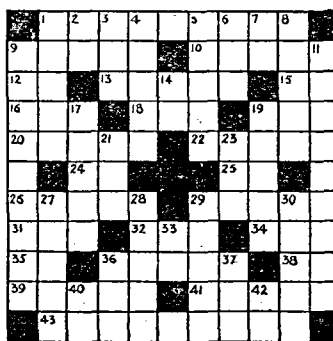
Le boulanger Le balcon La balle

Le boulanger pétrir la farine
Cette dame s'accoude au balcon
La balle sert à beaucoup de jeux

How Harris Tweed Got Its Name

HARRIS tweed is a twilled cloth with an unfinished surface, composed wholly of wool and made by the people of Harris, the largest island in the Hebrides group. The word tweed has nothing to do with the River Tweed. It began as a misprint for tweels, or twills. A tailor can be prosecuted for selling as Harris tweed what has not been made in the island of Harris.

Cross Word Puzzle



THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week:

Reading Across. 1. Contracted writing. 9. To give light. 10. Appraised. 12. Symbol for King Edward. 13. To exalt. 15. Preposition. 16. A favourite. 18. Incorporated (abbrev.). 19. To mimic. 20. To expect. 22. To linger. 24. Before Christ (abbrev.). 25. Famous regiment (abbrev.). 26. A metal tag. 29. Orange-coloured stain. 31. Part of the foot. 32. A carp-like fish. 34. The Sun. 35. And. 38. Muscles of the loins. 39. Bill of lading (abbrev.). 39. Precipitous. 41. An answer. 43. Shaped like an arrow-head.

Reading Down. 1. A virago. 2. An exclamation. 3. A unit. 4. Kindled again. 5. An opening in a ship's deck. 6. Dread. 7. Symbol for sodium. 8. To invest with clothing. 9. Divides. 11. Perpetually. 14. Indefinite article. 17. Useful article of furniture. 19. Herb-bennet. 21. Solidified water. 23. A mineral consisting of metal and another substance. 27. Ancient Teutonic peoples. 28. A Hebrew month. 29. A vital organ. 30. High-born. 33. To perform. 35. A wooden pin. 37. The ocean. 40. East Africa (abbrev.). 42. A pupil teacher (abbrev.).

Jacko Meets a Queer Fish

JACKO and his friend Chimp often played in the grounds of Monkeyville Towers, a large house a few miles from the village. The place was for sale, and there was nothing to stop them from roaming about in the woods and fishing in the lake.

But the house wasn't empty for long; an old gentleman bought it.

The news was in the local paper, and Mr. Jacko read it out to his family. It appeared that the old gentleman was very rich, and that he intended spending a lot of money on the place.

"And just listen to this!" cried Mr. Jacko. "He is going to stock the grounds with all sorts of wild animals collected during his travels!"

Mrs. Jacko looked very alarmed.

"I don't like the sound of that," she said timidly.

Jacko did. He wasn't at all keen on the place being sold, but if it had to be sold he couldn't think of a better purchaser.

"Just think of all those animals!" he said to Chimp. "I shouldn't wonder if we don't get a lot of fun out of them."

But his hopes were soon dashed to the ground. The old gentleman turned out to be very unsociable, and never asked anyone to the place. He built a high wall round the park and put up big notices every few yards saying: "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

Jacko was tremendously curious to know what was going on inside. He imagined there would be lions and tigers roaming about the park, and one day he told Chimp he was going over the wall to have a look. "Coming?" he asked his friend.



"Help!" cried Jacko, scrambling out

"Not on your life!" said Chimp, who was scared at the very idea.

Jacko was really a bit frightened too, but his curiosity got the better of him. He clambered over the wall and made his way stealthily through the grounds.

Of course there weren't any lions and tigers roaming about, and Jacko only saw a few harmless-looking deer.

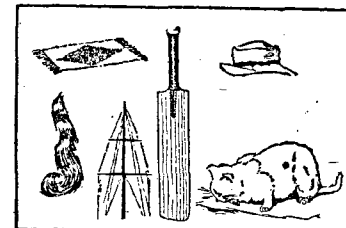
"I don't call this much of a show," he said contemptuously, and he boldly walked down to the lake to see if there was anything more exciting to be found down there.

Apparently there wasn't; at least, Jacko thought so until he was clumsy enough to trip over a log and fall into the water. In an instant a big fish came to the surface, and when Jacko saw its huge mouth he had the shock of his life, especially as the old gentleman rushed out of the house just at that moment and shouted "Look out for the fish!"

"Help! It must be a shark!" cried Jacko, and he clambered out of the water and ran off home as fast as he could go.

Of course it wasn't a shark, and the old gentleman had only called out because he had stocked the lake with all sorts of rare fish and was furious when he saw Jacko disturbing them. But Jacko didn't know that. He never went near the place again.

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of these objects, and then, by adding two letters to each word, make the names of (1) a famous public school, (2) an opening in the deck of a ship, (3) a bird, (4) a teacher, (5) a staff or truncheon, (6) to capture.

Answer next week

More Sunlight in High Buildings

THOSE who live at the top of a very high building get a great deal more sunshine than those on the level of the street.

Anyone who lived at the top of the Eiffel Tower or near the roof of the highest skyscraper in New York would enjoy an hour's more sunlight than the folks below. As the Sun sets the shadow of the Earth climbs up the Eiffel Tower at the rate of a foot in two-and-a-half seconds. At the top of the tower the sunset is over half an hour later than at the base.

Of course the Sun's rays will take the same time in the morning to climb down the tower.

DR. MERRYMAN

A Happy Ending

SHE came home from the theatre looking rather bored.

"Didn't the play end happily?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "everybody was very glad when it was over."

WHAT is the worst thing you could do to a farmer?

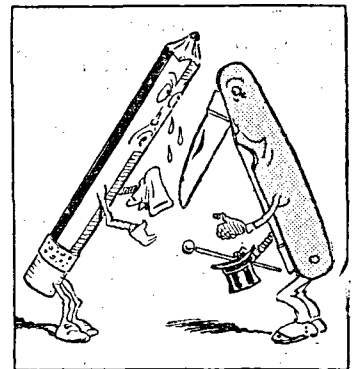
Tread on his corn.

An Ignorant Dog

I HEAR that you have lost your dog. Have you put an advertisement in the paper?

No; the dog can't read.

Come-Alive Characters



Making a Point of It

"I USED to be as sharp as sharp," The Pencil sobbed, "Boo-hoo! But now folks cannot write with me—Oh, what am I to do?" "Don't grieve," said Dr. Knife, "for I can sharpen you anew!"

WHAT is that from which you can take away the whole and yet some is left?

The word wholesome.

If Your Name is Peter Puck

Peter Puck has been asking Dr. Merryman how Peter's name began, and this is the merry doctor's reply.

You write to ask, dear Peter Puck, Just how you got your name. Today I looked it up. By luck Across it soon I came.

No doubt you still do read sometimes Of little Tommy Tucker; Well, with his name I find there rhymes One once called Peter Pucker.

He did not sing to earn his bread (Bread was not then so dear), But something quite as good instead, As I will tell you here.

This Peter was born in an age When matters were not simple, Each human being was a sage Who knew not smile or dimple.

Faces were puzzled and distraught And Care sat on each forehead In little puckers. Peter thought All this was very horrid.

So Peter put an end to it, For, with a mighty shout, The world laughed at his sparkling wit Till puckers petered out!

What Am I?

I'M cold as ice, yet can't be heated; My name's well known and oft repeated; I'm pure as dew in April morning; I rest on hills, their tops adorning; Should you but only once endeavour To handle me I'm gone for ever.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES
A Riddle in Rhyme. Scales.

Word Building

Era, Vere, Ada, Dave, Ned, Dan, red, van, vend, an, ear, ran, dare, raven, and, read, dear, are, end, near.

Changeling

Hole, hold, held, head, lead, leak, What Am I? A bell.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

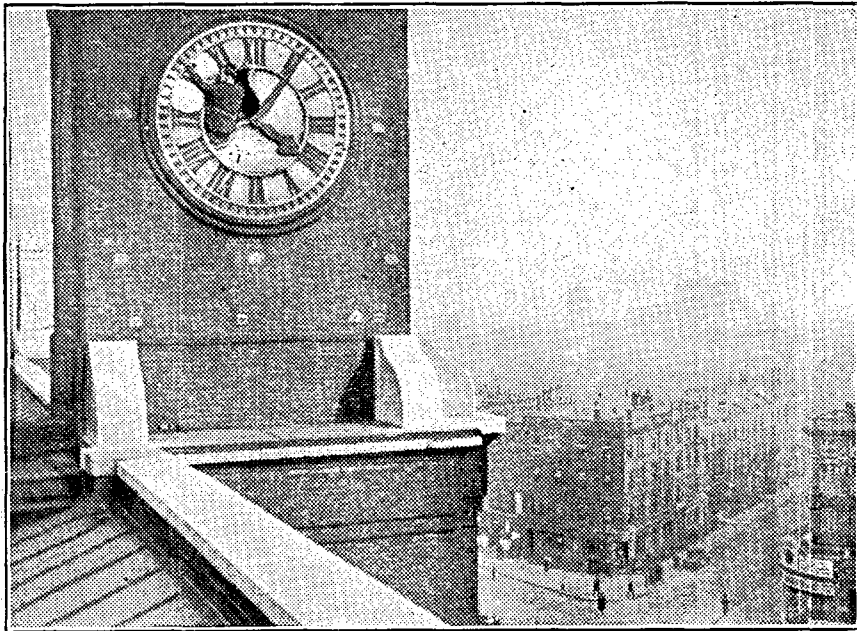
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 9, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

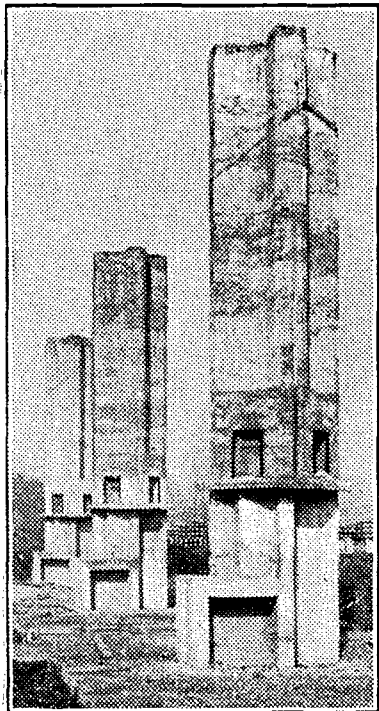
CLEANING THE BIG CLOCK · LONDON'S COUNTRYSIDE · IMPROVING THE DAIRY



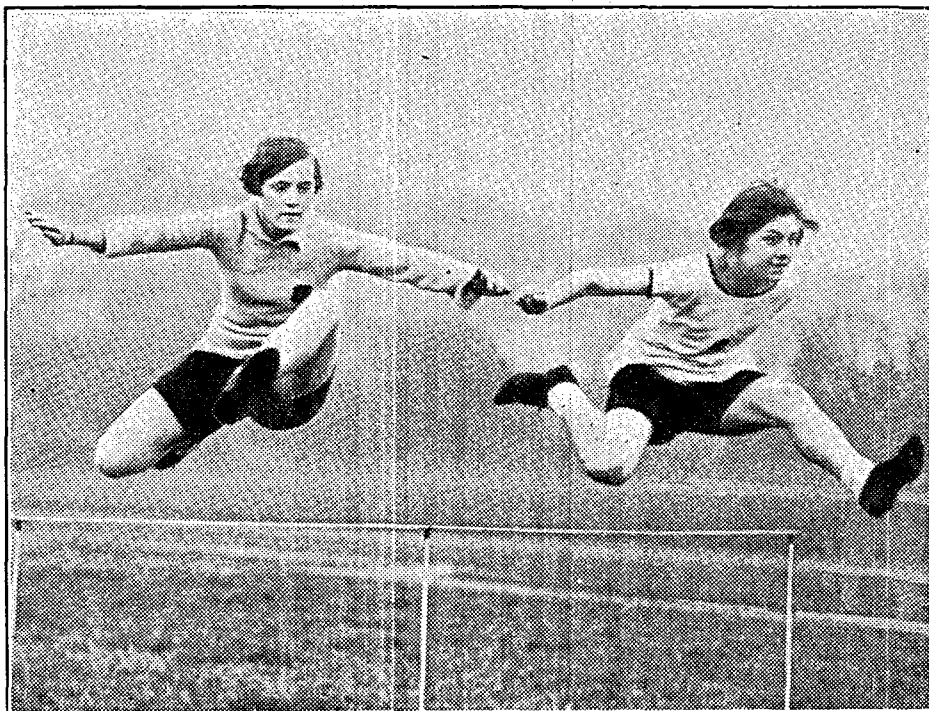
Spring-Cleaning the Big Clock—On Sunday morning all clocks are altered for Summer Time, and here we see the winter grime being washed off the big clock at King's Cross, London.



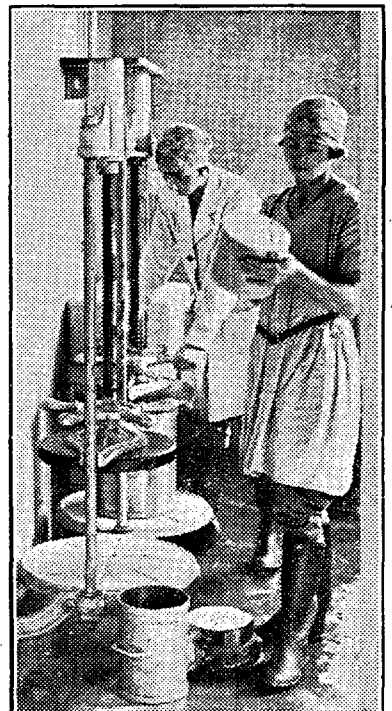
London's Countryside—This picture of a shepherd and his flock was taken in the heart of London. The sheep were grazing in Kensington Gardens, near the statue of Peter Pan.



New Way of Building a House—On a new housing estate near Wembley the chimneys are put up first and the concrete houses are built round them.



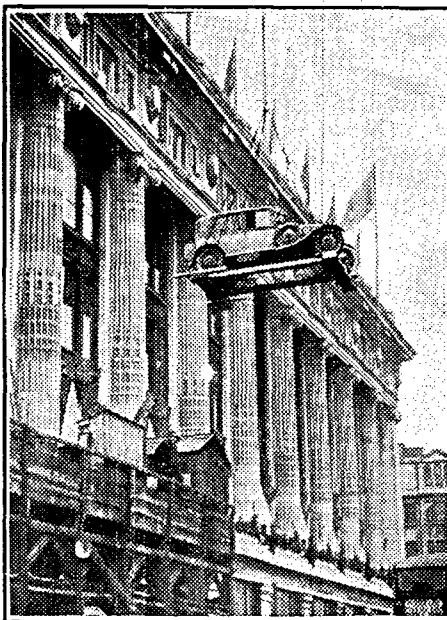
Hurdle-Jumping for Girls—There are few sports now that girls cannot enjoy as thoroughly as their man friends, and here we see two members of the London Olympiades Club hurdle-jumping in Battersea Park. Girls may not have the strength and speed of their brother athletes, but this picture proves that some of them at least have nothing to learn in the matter of graceful jumping.



Scientific Dairies—At Shinfield Farm, attached to Reading University, experiments with modern dairy apparatus are conducted. Here is cheese being made.



A Little Lady and Her Steed—Most people wish they could enjoy the healthy recreation of riding, and this little Cheltenham girl has already learned to ride her pony although she is only six.



A Motor-Car in Mid-Air—When this car was removed from a London store it was lowered to the street by a crane used for building work.



Fiji Cheers the Duke and Duchess—When the Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Suva, in the Fiji Islands, they were welcomed by the big crowd of native school-children, seen in this picture.

WHERE IS THE SCENT OF THE MUSK? SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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